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RESCUED FROM THE DOG POUND.—[See next Page.]

THE DOG-POUND.

The Dog-star is not yet in the ascendant, but the dog law is in full force; the dog-stealers of New York are in their glory and owners are in misery. The dog law of this city goes into force in the middle of June of each year, and from that time forward the dog pound at Twenty-fifth Street and East River is filled to overflowing with stray and unmuzzled dogs, caught up and returned by young urchins anxious for the reward of fifty cents offered for the arrest of all unmuzzled dogs. The pound-keepers are required to retain all dogs arrested for twenty-four hours; if not reclaimed in that time they are thrown into a huge cistern near by and drowned. At all hours of the day all manner of persons are to be seen at the pound in search after all manner of curs; and many humorous and occasionally pathetic scenes take place. Our artist has illustrated on our first page a scene which partakes of both natures. It is that of an urchin who has just recovered his loved but ungainly cur from the hands of the pound-keeper, and it is difficult to say which is the most rejoiced, the preserved or the preserver.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.
Saturday, August 1, 1868.

THE DEMOCRATIC POLICY OF ANARCHY

In 1864 the Democratic party proposed that the Government of the United States should surrender to the rebellion. The consequences of such a course are inconceivable. Its mere proposition was monstrous, and was spurned by the good sense and the patriotism of the country. Failing to secure the success of the rebellion at that time the Democratic party, with the same inhuman hostility to the principles of the Government, now proposes, by force of arms, to subject the Southern States to unrepentant rebels, and to dishonor the debt incurred in suppressing the open rebellion. Of course, as it called itself the only Constitutional party when it encouraged and palliated secession, so it calls itself the only conservative party now that it proposes to undo the whole work of reconstruction, and to cheat the public creditors.

Every body ought to understand precisely what this election means. It is to decide whether the rebels or the loyal country won the victory. It is to decide whether General Grant or Wade Hampton represents the national conviction and purpose. A party intention is to be judged by the character as well as by the words of those who control it. There were certain Democrats in 1864 who denied that the Democratic party was opposed to the war. But the National Convention of the party was controlled by the peace Copperheads who made its platform, and cared little, after having the party declaration of faith, what kind of candidate was placed upon it. There are Democrats now who deny that the Democratic party is revolutionary, anarchical, and dishonorable. But the positive element of the party, the peace Copperheads who demanded surrender in 1864, now demand the next best thing, which is repudiation of the war debt, and forcible resistance to reconstruction. They have made the New York platform of repudiation, have placed upon it the instigator of the New York riots of 1863, and with him a man who announces his desire to see a President elected who would "disperse" the State Governments in the Southern States.

This makes evident what every body who reflects understands, that all the disaffected, disorganizing, reckless, destructive classes of the population are banded together in an association that calls itself the Democratic party. Its negative part is the Eastern faction, men of no real convictions of any kind, inspired only by the hope of power, who wished to nominate Mr. Chase. Its positive part is the combination of peace Copperheads and active rebels, of Vallandigham and Wade Hampton, bent upon revenge at any price. The plan of these last, who are the numerous part, is to terrify the colored vote from the polls as much as possible in the Southern States, crowd in the rebel white vote in every State whether restored or not, and insist that it shall be counted, appealing to arms if it is not. This plan is announced by Wade Hampton, who does not even pretend to have relinquished his confidence in the final success of the rebellion, and Wade Hampton's view is defended by the New York *World*, which had already declared that the question to be settled by the election is whether the reconstruction policy is to stand. Wade Hampton's words are:

> "We can have no relief unless this great Democratic party will come out and pledge itself that we shall have a fair election—that the white people of the South shall vote; and I want you all to register an oath that when they do vote these votes shall be counted, and *if there is a majority of white votes that you will place Seymour and Blair in the White House in spite of all the bayonets that shall be brought against them.* I only want to see the election fair; and if they do that, even with the incubus of black rule, we can carry the Southern States."

Wade Hampton is ready for any additional war that he thinks might be waged upon Northern soil. The *World* calls him the successor of Calhoun in the affections of South Carolina. But unless the country repents that it did not follow Calhoun, it may wisely hesitate in following such a successor.

The Democratic campaign in this election is merely the attempt of the old rebel element—the doctrine and spirit of Calhoun and Toombs and Jefferson Davis—to return to power. Its leaders hope that the country is so weary, so heavily burdened, so dispirited, that it will submit to any change. In this they reason at New York in 1868 as they reasoned at Chicago in 1864. Then they were sure that the long and tremendous struggle, the hope of victory so long postponed, the slow and doubtful advance of Sherman, the delayed triumph of Grant, the enormous expense, the draft, the want of foreign sympathy, had all plunged the country into such a gulf of disappointment and despair that it would willingly yield to a vigorous summons of surrender. They were profoundly mistaken. But the spirit and method of the party were fully revealed. It counts for success not upon the national approval of its principles and sympathy with its aims, not upon the conscience and intelligence and generous humanity of the country, not upon the inspiring love of liberty and regard for the peaceful sanctities of law, but upon fatigue and disappointment and prejudice, and the wish of revenge, and class privilege, and the hatred of race, upon all that is meanest in human nature and vilest in motives of action. Therefore it declares that the public honor shall be made a jest, and the public creditor swindled; that if the freedman can not be again actually enslaved he shall be deprived of every advantage of liberty; that loyalty in the late rebel States shall be derided, and those that glory in disaffection exalted. Therefore it nominates a man who declared that he would see the Union perish rather than slavery; and that successful coercion would be as revolutionary as secession. It names as his conditional successor one who asserts that he would "trample into dust" the laws made by the representatives of the people; and relies for support upon frank rebels who would have the Executive installed by bayonets.

The Democratic leaders were mistaken in 1864. If they do not as utterly misconceive in 1868 the spirit of the people whom they despise, those people will deserve the Mexican doom in which Wade Hampton and the party which he and his companions control would gladly involve them.

EQUAL TAXATION.

The Democratic platform declares for "equal taxation of every species of property according to its real value, including Government bonds and other securities" This is a blow leveled at the bonds. It means that the bond-holders are a privileged class, and that their bonds ought to be taxed according to their real value. That has a fine sound, what does it mean?

The act of Congress authorizing the issue of Treasury notes in 1862 expressly provided that "all stocks, bonds, and other securities of the United States held by individuals, corporations, or associations within the United States, shall be exempt from taxation by or under State authority." This had been already decided by the Supreme Court to be the law; and for a very obvious reason. If the States could tax United States securities they could tax them to extinction, and thus the National Government be paralyzed. Of course, a law which secures untrammeled power to the National Government has been constantly challenged by the spirit which framed the New York platform. In Maryland, in Pennsylvania, in South Carolina, and in New York the attempt has been made to tax the national securities by the State, and in every case the Supreme Court has decided that it can not be done, because such a practice might be fatal to the sovereignty of the United States. The persons who took the bonds of the United States took them with the condition distinctly affirmed by Congress that they should not be taxed, and with the declaration of the Supreme Court that they could not be taxed; and now the Democratic platform demands, notwithstanding the authority of Congress and of the Supreme Court, that they shall be taxed. There could not be a more direct and palpable swindle. It is naked theft. It is a deliberate declaration that the Government shall use false weights and measures. It is proclaiming wholesale robbery as the national policy.

"But isn't it very hard," says an honest reader, "that my neighbor Jones should have to pay such an enormous tax because his property is of one kind, while my neighbor Smith, a great deal richer man, pays infinitely less, because his property is of another kind?" Yes—that seems hard. But look at it fairly. There are but two authorities that can tax us, the State and the United States. Now when the United States was in extremity Smith turned his property into money and lent it to the Government, which said to him, "If I go, your money goes with me; if I escape, the bond I give you shall not be taxed." The Government escaped. Now if it permits any body else to tax the bond, it permits somebody else to break its word to Smith, who helped it in extremity. It ought not to permit that. No honest man, not Jones himself if he be honest, will insist that it should. But this is what the Democratic Platform demands should be done. It demands that the States shall tax bonds which were taken under the guarantee of the United States that they should not be taxed. It demands that the Government shall permit the most shameless swindle.

"Why, then," asks our honest reader, "why should not Congress itself tax them?" In the first place, it is plain that if it should do this it would break its own promise to the takers of the bonds, because the amount of the tax would be just so much reduction of the interest upon them. It would be the same as declaring that henceforth the Government would pay six per cent. interest upon bonds for which it had promised to pay seven. In transactions between individuals every man knows what this would be, and what the consequences. A merchant who should do it would be ruined forever as the most dishonest of men. In the second place, the Constitution forbids the Government to lay a tax upon persons or property except by apportioning it among the States according to population. This is impracticable, and the National Government, therefore, taxes indirectly. It taxes consumers and traders, and when income must bear its share of the general burden, the income derived from the Government bonds is equally taxed. Thus if Congress should tax the bonds it would be both a dishonest and unconstitutional act.

But the Democratic platform does not ask or mean that Congress shall do it. When it demands equal taxation of every species of property according to its real value, it uses an expression which is applicable only to State authority. This the framers of the platform knew, and this they intended. It is part of the policy of hostility between the States and the National Government. It is intended to place the latter in the light of an oppressor, and the former in that of defenders of the people. It is the old devil of State sovereignty. It is the spirit of secession which has cost us already a bloody war. This clause of the Democratic platform demands that the States shall bring the Union into disgrace. Does any honest reader believe that to be for his interest?

COUNTING THE VOTES.

The bill in regard to the electoral college, in the amended form in which it passed, provides that no votes shall be received or counted from the States lately in rebellion, except from those which, since the 4th of March, 1867, shall have adopted a Constitution under which a State government shall have been organized, under whose authority the election shall have been held, and provided that the State shall have become entitled to representation in Congress under the reconstruction acts. It would seem to be a superfluous bill, except for the claims now made by the Democratic party. But as an explicit statement of the intentions of Congress, and of the conditions upon which the late rebel States are again to take part in a national election, it may be very useful. The bill excludes only such States as shall not have completed their restoration upon conditions expressly stated and intelligible. It says very distinctly that States which have not recovered their representation in Congress, and which have not resumed their practical relations in the Union, shall not participate in the election.

The President, and the party which holds with him, that, when the rebellion was overpowered, every insurgent State at once resumed all its rights, with an increased basis of representation owing to emancipation, naturally object to such a bill. They wish, with Wade Hampton, that "the white people of the South shall vote," and that their vote, not that of the voters authorized by Congress, nor the vote alone of the States that have been restored, but the white vote exclusively—of Texas and Mississippi as well as of Arkansas and Georgia—shall be received at the point of the bayonet if Congress refuses. It is well, therefore, under these circumstances to understand in advance just where we are, and what we mean. It is well for Congress to say long beforehand that the electoral vote will be taken in the lately disturbed States as in the loyal States, under the auspices of the existing government which has been recognized by Congress. This is, of course, the only way; but let it be announced as the only way. Let it be also announced that no white vote, nor black vote, nor vote of any kind, will be received from a lately rebellious State not yet restored by authority of Congress.

The New York *World*, in discussing this question, asks whether, in case the result of the election depended upon the vote of Florida, and that vote were Democratic, and were thrown out by Congress, the Democratic party, with the physical force upon its side, would submit or ought to submit? The reply to this question is, that if the vote in Florida were taken under the authority of the existing Government in that State, Congress declares in advance that, whatever its party character, it will be counted, and that if it is taken without the authority of the State Government, then, whatever its party character, it will be rejected. Does the *World* mean to say that a vote taken any how in Florida should be received and counted as valid? Does it think that three electoral votes in Massachusetts, taken under the authority of the State Government, should be either nullified or doubled by three votes in Florida, irresponsibly polled? If it does, the country will probably differ with it. If it does not, its question has no meaning.

Or suppose that the so-called Governor Humphreys, in Mississippi, orders an election of white voters only, or of colored voters only, or of both, and transmits the result to Congress. Shall it be received and counted? Congress will have only to ask who is Governor Humphreys of Mississippi, point to the terms of the present bill, declare that Mississippi has not conformed to the conditions, and exclude the vote whether it be for Grant or for Seymour. But suppose the vote, if admitted, would elect Grant? Does the *World* think that in that case "the Democratic party would resist [the rejection], and make its resistance effectual?" If it does not, it confesses that its Democratic resistance is not to secure a political right but a party advantage. Before the Convention met the *World* said that the Southern Democrats were bound in honor to accept the situation for the time, and vote under the existing governments. To General Blair's talk of force, and to Wade Hampton's subsequent programme, it said: "There is no way out of this dilemma except by the sword, and the land has been already drenched by too much fraternal blood." But now that Blair is nominated and Wade Hampton approves, the *World* says: "If the election shall show that the Democratic party are a majority and Congress shall declare the Republican candidates elected, our right to resist will be unquestionable." Suppose the election does not show it without counting Mississippi? Is the right of resistance still unquestionable?

All these things show how very desirable it is that the majority for Grant should be as pronounced as that for Lincoln in 1864. That will settle these questions. That will declare in a tone that Mr. Wade Hampton and Mr. Robert Toombs and Mr. Howell Cobb and Mr. Alexander H. Stephens, and all rebels, repudiators, and Copperheads can understand, that the restoration of the Union decreed by its loyal citizens is a restoration that shall stand.

THE HOPE OF "THE LOST CAUSE."

Robert Toombs, one of the most fiery of secessionists, chafing with baffled hate of Union, denounces "Radicalism" as "the greatest criminal the world ever saw:" and declares that the "men of the South should fly to the arms of Northern allies to assist in crushing the viper out of existence." In 1864 the viper that Toombs and his fellow-Democrats wished to crush out of existence was the Union army. He is a mighty defender of the Constitution, is Toombs. Also he is a shining Conservative. What a constitutional and conservative millennium we should have if only Toombs were back in the Senate and Howell Cobb in the Treasury Department!

For Howell Cobb also has been "searing" General Grant and the Republican platform "with the fires of his indignation." If we remember correctly, although a General during the war, Mr. Howell Cobb did not take occasion to sear General Grant with any other kind of fire. Mr. Cobb—one of the original rebel conspirators in the Cabinet of Buchanan, who did what he could to ruin the credit of the country, then ran to try to destroy it—is now of opinion that "the election of General Grant upon such a set of principles would be the greatest calamity that could possibly befall the whole country." But the election of Seymour and Blair upon a platform of repudiating the debt and of trampling reconstruction "into the dust," would be the most constitutional and conservative of boons.

Henry S. Foote, also—familiarly known as Hangman Foote, from having told Senator Hale that he would be hung if he came to Foote's State—has been "painfully apprehensive that" Mr. Seymour "did not entirely concur with Mr. Pendleton and his political friends upon the great financial question now pending." But inasmuch as Mr. Seymour was brought forward "by Mr. Pendleton's friends, and urged to keep the field as a candidate by the noble-minded and much-calumniated Vallandigham," why, Mr. Henry S. Foote regards the nomination as "one of the most fortunate results which could possibly have occurred!"

The Richmond *Enquirer* thinks that the letter of General Blair has "the ring of the true metal, and is the most fearless exposition of Democratic and Conservative principles which we have yet seen."

The Petersburg *Express* thinks that Blair's views "are perhaps more satisfactory to the South, and more consistent with the views that have always obtained among our most judicious statesmen, than those which the crisis has called forth from any other leading mind in the country. He is a bold, fearless soldier—one who dares assert the truth, and *not over punctil-*

ious as to the means which he adopts to secure its vindication."

This is the old story. When the Democrats during the war nominated M'CLELLAN and PENDLETON the rebel leaders were painfully anxious for a Democratic success. They knew it would serve their cause. Those leaders are now equally anxious for the election of SEYMOUR and BLAIR. It is for the same reason. They know it will serve their purposes. But does any body believe that the purposes of TOOMBS, of COBB, of SEMMES, of WADE HAMPTON, of the rebel newspapers, are those of patriotic men? "I believe," said WADE HAMPTON at General LEE's college on his way to the Democratic Convention at New York—"I believe that the cause for which STONEWALL JACKSON fell will yet triumph." He hopes and works for a Democratic success, and all the conspicuous, unchanged rebels work and hope for the same result, because they know that nothing but "the election of SEYMOUR and BLAIR can revive the lost cause," and give it the triumph in which they yet believe.

GERMAN TREATIES.

MR. BANCROFT has certainly been a very active Minister. The difficult question between the United States and the German governments has always been that of the rights of naturalized citizens, and with commendable zeal Mr. BANCROFT has devoted himself to its settlement. The point of difference is very plain, and the settlement to be satisfactory must be explicit. The German governments claim military service of all born subjects, and deny that emigration evades the obligation. In a treaty upon the subject, therefore, the important question is whether the governments concede that naturalization elsewhere vacates the claim. If this point is left to inference it must be assumed that the governments do not concede it. If it is not verbally expressed in the treaty, but depends upon the contemporaneous interpretation of those who make the treaty, the suspicion is against it, and those concerned can not safely trust themselves to the treaty.

The treaty with the North German Bund, of which we have formerly spoken, is, in the opinion of many, doubtful upon the important point. Count BISMARCK and other weighty authorities said, indeed, that there was no doubt. But if there had been no question, they would not have spoken of doubts. If the treaty had provided that a Prussian, naturalized in the United States, could under no circumstances, and upon no pretense, be held to military service in Prussia, Count BISMARCK would hardly have felt it necessary to say that there was no doubt of the meaning of the words. The instinctive criticism upon the explanation of the treaty is, if the treaty means so why does it not say so? There is no question of the understanding placed upon the treaty by those who made and approved it, but it is so worded that it does not satisfy those who are most interested in it.

The treaty with Bavaria just concluded is open to the same objection. The vital question is, whether a Bavarian subject unaccused of crime, who emigrates from Bavaria and is naturalized in the United States, shall be held liable to military service in Bavaria upon his temporary return to that country? Does Bavaria say aye or no? In the first article she apparently does; for it provides that Bavarian subjects who have become naturalized citizens of the United States, and have lived there continuously for five years, shall be treated by Bavaria as citizens of the United States. But in the second article clouds descend and darkness covers the treaty; for it provides that any naturalized citizen of either country may be indicted and punished upon his return to the other if he has committed any act threatened with punishment before his emigration, providing the crime has not become obsolete according to the laws of his original country. This is not plain. Evasion of military duty by emigration is desertion. Desertion is an act threatened with punishment, and it is not a crime which has become obsolete by Bavarian law. Moreover, the third article provides especially for fugitive criminals, so that the second evidently alludes to a particular class of offenders. Is one of those offenders protected by the first article? That might be assumed, except for the second, which is clearly a qualification and limitation of the first. In any case the interested Bavarian emigrant can not be sure that he is safe.

Yet these treaties are signs of progress. It is surely something that Prussia and Bavaria agree that Germans naturalized in this country should be treated as citizens of the United States: although it is a foolish supplement that naturalization shall cease to be valid if the citizen lives for more than two years in the territory of the other state. Why shall not citizens of the United States live in Germany or Italy for more than two years without losing their rights of nationality? When a man has chosen his country, with the consent of all the governments concerned, why, upon the same principle, may he not continue to be a citizen of that country at his pleasure? This is a question which we trust a future treaty will soon answer.

THE FALL TRADE AS AFFECTED BY POLITICS.

THE taking of stock—a custom now usual with all accurate merchants on and immediately after the 1st of July—is now generally concluded, and it seems to be conceded on all hands, from the survey which ordinarily accompanies it of the spring trade, which then terminates, that the season has been more advantageous than the one which closed on the 1st of January. Moderate profits have been realized, stocks have been largely reduced, and the new season has been entered upon without some of the embarrassments which attended the opening of the last.

The fact that the crop of 1867, though large of itself, was in effect diminished by the nearer consumption in the United States than was generally supposed of the crop of 1866, constituted the principal cause of the losses in trade that were made conspicuous by the returns of income to and including the 31st of December, 1867. The drouth that extensively prevailed last year, affecting as it did the pastures of an extensive region in the Middle and some of the Eastern States, also contributed largely to a premature call on the grain then harvested to supply the food to cattle which the parched fields could not afford. The quantity for export was largely diminished by these two causes, the influence of which was felt particularly in the latter part of 1867, and still continues, but with less damaging effect, inasmuch as the stock of goods at the commencement of this year was light compared with what was held during the season which then terminated, and the difficulty has been bridged over partially by the ready acceptance of our securities in the markets of Europe, by which the excess of our imports over our exports has been for the time covered.

The practice of carrying over part of one crop until the new one is thoroughly matured and hardened is practiced extensively in the United States, and thus far this year there has been no occasion to depart from it, such as was produced by the famine which prevailed in the South up to the summer of 1867, and by the drouth referred to. With the exception of portions of Alabama, where a serious want of rain is complained of, the weather has proved favorable, and we may therefore count upon the solidity which the farming interest derives from hoarding grain sufficient to place the country beyond the contingency of suffering from any possible loss of the crop now being gathered in all parts of the Union. This constitutes the greater advantage over that of last season with which we enter upon the new and successful harvest of this summer. We shall unquestionably, for this reason, have a larger amount for export, unless some unexpected disaster occur. The serious drouth in England will produce a demand for many of our agricultural products.

This matter being thus favorable, the question will be examined in all circles what else there is to affect the prospects of an active fall season.

In 1867 we entered upon the fall trade with the apparent disadvantage which resulted from Mr. M'CULLOCH's policy of contraction, conducted under the authority of an Act of Congress which has since been repealed, and there existed a wide-spread belief that Congress would take measures for improving the currency. These influences, and the actual weakness communicated to the farming interest by the state of the crop, produced a heavy fall in goods, the prices of which had been adjusted in an inflated currency. As contraction is not now possible, and prices have been adjusted to the present state of the currency, no apprehension of a decline, from like causes, can be predicated or supposed.

In the autumn of a Presidential election it is universally known that customers, instead of appearing here in person to make their purchases, send on orders much diminished below the quantity they would purchase if the attractions of the market were displayed to their observation. They consequently live from hand to mouth, for which contingency preparation has been made by a reduced importation. The question whether it is sufficiently reduced will probably be decided in the negative.

If the country were on the basis of the precious metals the shock of a Presidential election would scarcely be felt, however violent might be the passions which it aroused; but with a paper system pushed to the utmost verge of prudence, there would be extreme danger if there were a chance of turning over the command of affairs to those who would break down our financial system by a policy announced as to the Five-Twenties, which supposes that advantage to the country will be derived from their payment in greenbacks. It is necessarily based on the assumption that these notes will not be improved to the level of specie, but on the contrary will continue depreciated. It is aimed at the credit of the country, which, by an inflexible law, depends on the pertinacity with which our legislation is directed toward a return to specie payments. The debt payable in specie, distributed over an area of country, many of the States of which are larger than Great Britain and Ireland combined, would fall upon a population now the superior in numbers of the population of that kingdom, and destined to surpass it to such an extent as to load us with the stigma of cowardice as well as of dishonor, if her example of the manful shouldering of a larger debt than ours—hers amounts to seven hundred and ninety-seven millions of pounds sterling, of say $4 85 per pound, while ours is about twenty-five hundred millions of dollars—shall be discarded, and the mean and damaging spirit of repudiation be adopted. We are now at the point where the roads fork, and GRANT can proudly say, looking at the just platform on which he stands, "Follow my plume, for it leads to honor!" The future of stability depends on his success, which seems assured by the logic which has ever attended events from the very inception of the great conflict. The country is to be scourged beyond any thing which has yet befallen it if the path of expressed opinion is to be reversed in this election.

Assuming that General GRANT will be elected, and that the fall business will be shaped upon this expectation, we see no reason to doubt that the trade, though light, will be remunerative, although the course of the election, and particularly at the South, where violence is threatened, will be watched with interest. The guarantee contained in the Constitution to protect each State against domestic violence would, in the contingency of a demand made by a State executive, and that also of an adjournment of Congress, need to be met by the action of President JOHNSON, which might not be effectual. The States which have been recently admitted to full activity under the Reconstruction Acts have passed out of the guardianship of Congress, so that measures for such protection can not be initiated by the General Government excepting to provide in advance for power in some quarter to act in case such demand be made by the local authorities, which demand is now a necessary preliminary to action from Washington.

The turn upward in the gold market is due to speculation founded on the apprehension of political excitement, aided by the fact that nearly seventy millions have been exported since the first of January, and that the appropriation likely to be made of seven millions to pay for Alaska, will reduce the amount in the Treasury to under forty millions, which is supposed to be too small to enable the Treasury Department to frustrate the efforts of those speculators who appear to have combined for a rise.

There is a possibility that this tendency may be increased by the return of bonds, but they appear to be held abroad with great firmness, especially on the Continent, where more confidence is shown than on the part of English holders, which latter are influenced to some extent by the adverse tone of the British press, which never fails to present such evidence of imprudence as Mr. STEVENS exhibited in the House of Representatives in the debate last week on the Funding Act; but sensible holders of the debt will doubtless attribute the tone of his speech to the aspects of the campaign as they appear in particular localities, rather than to the general feeling of the people, which will find expression in the election of General GRANT, who may be relied upon for upholding the public credit with the firmness shown by him in conducting war with the means which that credit enabled us to raise. His election, therefore, as it will insure stability, is the highest duty now imposed upon our people.

LIGHT WANTED.

LET us have all the light possible upon the subject of the imprisonment of MARY ANN SMITH. She is a girl of sixteen or seventeen years of age, who has lived as a domestic in the city of Newark, New Jersey. She has no mother, and her father has educated her in the Roman Catholic faith. But she has become a Methodist, and against her will has now been imprisoned in this city in a Roman Catholic house of refuge for fallen women, called the House of the Good Shepherd. She was brought before Judge SUTHERLAND upon a writ of *habeas corpus*, but the father appeared with witnesses to ruin his daughter's character, and the Judge was not satisfied that he could remove her from her father's care. She was therefore given back to the custody of the House of the Good Shepherd, in which other punishment is inflicted than confinement.

This seems to be a case in which the moving cause of imprisonment is a change of religious faith. If, indeed, the girl is dissolute, and the parent seeks her correction under the auspices of the church which he prefers, and she consents, nobody will object. But a prostitute desiring to reform may choose her place of detention, whether Protestant or Roman. But if a girl is being punished for preferring the Methodist to the Roman faith it is a matter of the profoundest public concern. It is a most shameless outrage, and the fact that an unsuccessful effort has been made to remedy it will but aggravate the girl's suffering. The Roman Church here as elsewhere will get all it can. Its steady effort to secure a separate share of the school money; the proposal in the last Legislature to appropriate money for the support of the sectarian schools of that Church; the municipal partiality for it at the City Hall, all show a disposition to foster it, of which the Church is fully conscious, and which it will not fail to improve to the utmost. It is most unfortunate that the law does not furnish an opportunity for an immediate and conclusive investigation of this case. If the girl is illegally detained she must, so far as appears, continue to be the victim of injustice until the General Term of the Supreme Court in November. Should the judgment of that court be unfavorable the case will be carried up to the Court of Appeals.

TREASURES FOR THE CORNELL UNIVERSITY.

IT is announced that President WHITE has engaged GOLDWIN SMITH as Professor of English Constitutional History, and JAMES LAW of Belfast, a very accomplished and well-known scientific scholar, as Professor in the Agricultural department of Cornell University. But the engagement of these distinguished gentlemen is but an illustration of the work done for the University by its indefatigable President during his absence of three months in Europe. Within that time he has sent from France, Germany, and England the largest and finest collection of books, models, and apparatus ever sent within the same term from the Old World to the New. He has spent for these purposes, in the most careful manner and under the best advice, not less than forty thousand dollars.

Among the treasures he has collected are all of AUZOUX's models in anatomy, comparative anatomy and botany, from Paris. BRENDEL's models in botany from Breslau; SCHRODER's models of machines from Darmstadt; DUBOSCQ's choicest optical apparatus, and KONIG's acoustic apparatus from Paris, including the pieces necessary for TYNDALL's and others' most recent experiments. Also BUNSEN's choicest pieces from Heidelberg; chemical apparatus from Darmstadt, Erfurt, and Berlin; a collection of one hundred and eighty-seven models of plows from the Royal Agricultural College at Hohenheim, which was exhibited at the Great Exposition in Paris, and of which the Prussian Government has ordered a duplicate; instruments of many kinds from London; and besides the Bopp Library of Philology, the acquisition of which has been already mentioned, a large collection of full sets of the best French, English, and German periodicals.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

THE Bill discontinuing the Freedmen's Bureau in January, 1869, passed both Houses on July 14.

William M. Evarts was confirmed Attorney-General on July 15.

Final action on the Alaska Appropriation Bill was taken on July 17, and the money was granted by a decided vote.

By the law just passed, providing for the preference for pensions to the heirs of deceased unmarried soldiers or sailors, the mother first, the father second, and the orphan brothers and sisters lastly, are to be entitled to the pay.

The Electoral College Bill, providing that the votes of those tardy or refractory States which have not reconstructed, and which may not be represented in Congress at the time of the next election for President and Vice-President shall not be counted, was passed over the President's veto on July 20, and is now a law. The votes of Texas, Georgia, Virginia, and Mississippi are now liable to be thrown out if they do not get in before Congress adjourns.

NEWS ITEMS.

Governor Smith, of Alabama, was inaugurated July 14. His message strongly recommends the removal of political disabilities, and bitterly denounces disfranchisement except for crimes. There are about thirty colored members of the Legislature, and the chaplain and sergeant-at-arms of the House are colored.

A serious riot occurred in Millican, Texas, on the 15th July, and continued the next day. It is said to have been occasioned by the disappearance of a negro member of the Loyal League, who was supposed to have been hung by white men, but who subsequently made his appearance. Between fifty and sixty lives are supposed to have been lost.

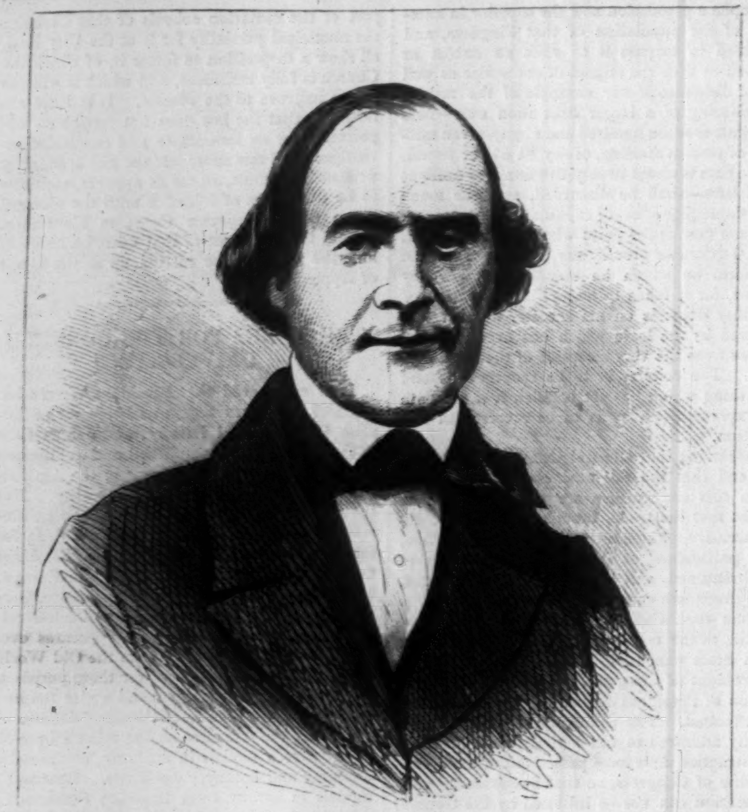
Advices from the Plains state that the Indians have notified the military authorities that war would be resumed unless arms and ammunition were supplied to them in accordance with the terms of the treaty. Several depredations were committed soon afterward, and the military commanders in the department have been ordered to prepare for active service.

Secretary Seward, on July 20, issued his proclamation announcing that the Constitutional amendment known as the fourteenth article has been ratified by the necessary number of States, and has now become a part of the Constitution. It establishes the equal civil rights in all the States and Territories of citizens of all races and colors, and proclaims all persons born or naturalized in the United States citizens thereof; it establishes a new system of representation in Congress on the basis of suffrage, leaving every State free to adopt a universal or qualified suffrage limited to males above the age of twenty-one years, thus excluding the women under the supreme law.

FOREIGN NEWS.

THEY celebrate the 4th of July in Panama in a singular way. The election for President was reported on the night of the last 4th to have gone for Dr. Amador and against the Government: whereupon a revolution was inaugurated the next morning, by which the acting President was arrested; General Ponce, commander of the State troops, was inaugurated Provisional President; and a force was sent to arrest Amador, who will probably be banished. A decree was then issued declaring the Isthmus in a state of war, suspending constitutional guarantees, and stopping the transit of the Rio Grande.

The Nova Scotia delegates, who visited England to obtain a release of their province from the Canadian Confederation, returned to Halifax on the 15th July, and were warmly welcomed by the populace. A delegate who had gone over to advocate the Confederation also returned with them, and was received with hisses and a demonstration toward throwing him overboard.



THE LATE PETER CAGGER.—Phot. by Churchill & Denison, Albany, N.Y.—[See Page 487.]

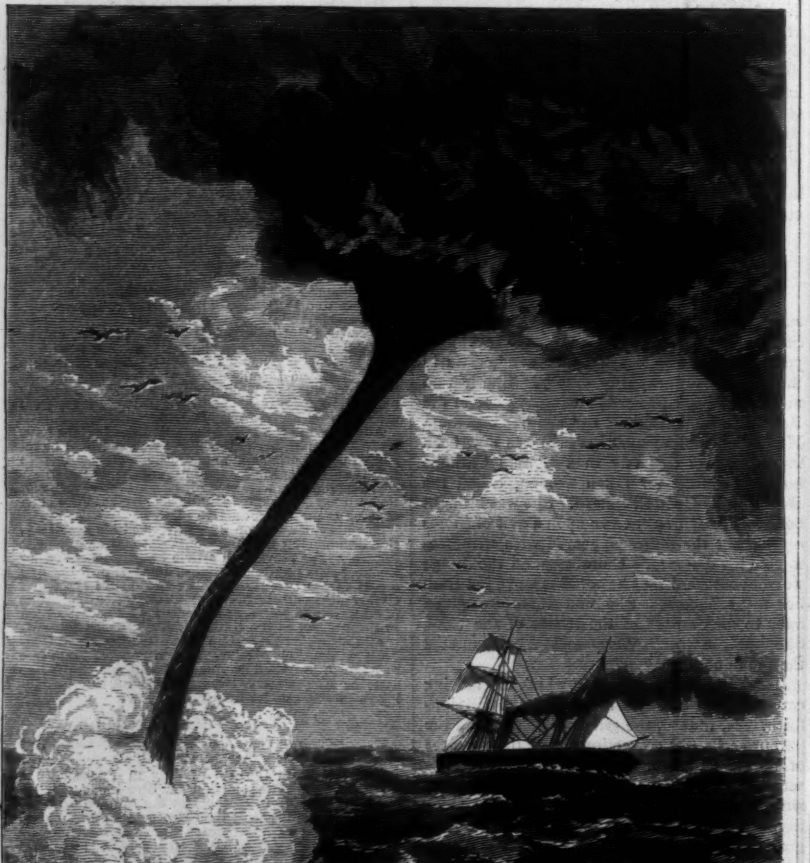
WATER-SPOUTS IN THE PACIFIC—RACING.—[Sketched by Mr. W. H. Hallock.]

WATER-SPOUTS IN THE PACIFIC.

Mr. William H. Hallock, of this city, while on his way lately to San Francisco by the steamer *Nevada*, saw, and has illustrated for us, three water-spouts of very peculiar character. The phenomenon is one of common occurrence, but it is seldom that an artist is fortunate enough to be so near one as to be able to sketch it and live to tell the tale.

Those seen by Mr. Hallock were in latitude 13° 50′ N., longitude 91° 52′ W., immediately off the southwestern coast of Guatemala. The sun was partially obscured by showery clouds, when two water-spouts were seen some two and a half miles due west from the ship. They seemed to slowly approach the vessel, the water beneath them being in great commotion. A heavy, dark shadow rested over the surface of the water, except in the comparatively small space at the terminus of the spout, which, for convenience, might be called a huge sea-serpent suspended between earth and heaven. At this point of contact, at the base of the column, the spectacle was suggestive of a seething caldron, or a section of the "cave of the winds" at Niagara, clouds of vapor being drawn upward with terrific violence. Above rested a heavy penumbra of dark cloud, moving sluggishly, until at last, after an interval of fifteen or twenty minutes, the serpentine column, at first upright and rigid, could hold together no longer, so oblique was the angle of inclination, and the whole fabric suddenly vanished from sight. The companion-spout was separated only by a short distance, but was of less magnitude, and disappeared almost simultaneously, after performing evolutions corresponding with those already described; and where lately the sea foamed with rage calm now succeeded, with nothing to mark the spot except swarms of gulls, attracted, it may be, by carcasses of dead fish.

Subsequently another water-spout was detected in the act of forming. Mr. Hallock observed a small pear-shaped cloud forming overhead, of a whitish ashen color, and, watching carefully through a glass, noticed presently that the stem began slowly to drop or elongate. At the time there was no perceptible disturbance of the water beneath, but within five minutes light feathers of spray began to fly from the crest of the waves, which might easily have been mistaken for the splash of a porpoise or the blow of a whale, and almost immediately upward and descending funnels of white vapor, the latter very dark, met in mid-air, forming a close connection, the shape being serpentine. Rapidly this column began to revolve, and acquired a steadily progressive motion; the sea at its base was changed to a bed of foam and vapor, rounded into a fleecy cushion for the support of the lofty superstructure. Fears were entertained that this spout, which was at one time within a few yards of the ship, would burst and deluge it; the passengers were ordered below and the hatches closed; and the big gun was got in readiness to attack the strange visitor, should it approach too near, hoping to break the suspended column of water while yet at a distance, and thereby avert the threatened deluge. But the dreaded spout finally passed astern and began to dissolve. The column which at first stood nearly perpendicular, dark, rigid, and heavy against the clouds (the upper terminus gently blending with the body of vapor behind it, the lower veiled by fleecy wreaths of mist), was now attenuated to a mere film—a spiral tube of most delicate texture, within which was observable a tremulous motion, as though the lifting power was being relaxed, and it was uncertain whether the dark body of water within should finally yield to the power of gravitation or ascend heavenward. For a moment the light spiral net-work of the tube was darkened by the downward rush of waters. Then followed a partial return, when lo! the structure separated in mid-heaven and an immense body of water literally slid down the funnel with a heavy thud, as falling lead, into the bosom of the deep. In other words, the upward motion of the inclosing cylinder of white vapor was reversed, and then followed a headlong rush to the sea, down the inclined plane. But this was not all. The falling column assumed the appearance of a coil in a rope (a lariat, for example); the film that was drawn upward was also coiled. After receding a space, the lower section seemed instinct with life, and re-erected itself heavenward. The union thus formed was but momentary, for when a clap of thunder was heard the parts were disengaged, one falling into the sea, and the other floating away with the clouds—as the tail of a kite follows the wind if broken from its fastenings. In the descent a dark, spherical body was observed, having nearly the apparent diameter of the moon at its full, which was plausibly explained to be nothing more than an end or sectional view of the funnel or stem of the water-spout.



A WATER-SPOUT IN THE PACIFIC—FORMING.—[Sketched by Mr. W. H. Hallock.]

A WATER-SPOUT IN THE PACIFIC—DISSOLVING.—[Sketched by Mr. W. H. Hallock.]

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1867, by HARPER & BROTHERS, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York.]

THE MOONSTONE.

BY WILKIE COLLINS.

Author of "The Woman in White," "No Name," etc.

Printed from the Author's Manuscript.

RICHLY ILLUSTRATED.

FIFTH NARRATIVE.

The Story resumed by Franklin Blake.

CHAPTER I.

BUT few words are needed, on my part, to complete the narrative that has been presented in the Journal of Ezra Jennings.

Of myself, I have only to say that I awoke on the morning of the twenty-sixth, perfectly ignorant of all that I had said and done under the influence of the opium—from the time when the drug first laid its hold on me, to the time when I opened my eyes on the sofa in Rachel's sitting-room.

Of what happened after my waking, I do not feel called upon to render an account in detail. Confining myself merely to results, I have to report that Rachel and I thoroughly understood each other before a single word of explanation had passed on either side. I decline to account, and Rachel declines to account, for the extraordinary rapidity of our reconciliation. Sir and Madam, look back to the time when you were passionately attached to each other—and you will know what happened, after Ezra Jennings had shut the door of the sitting-room, as well as I know it myself.

I have, however, no objection to add, that we should have been certainly discovered by Mrs. Merridew but for Rachel's presence of mind. She heard the sound of the old lady's dress in the corridor, and instantly ran out to meet her. I heard Mrs. Merridew say, "What is the matter?" and I heard Rachel answer, "The explosion!" Mrs. Merridew instantly permitted herself to be taken by the arm and led into the garden, out of the way of the impending shock. On her return to the house she met me in the hall, and expressed herself as greatly struck by the vast improvement in Science since the time when she was a girl at school. "Explosions, Mr. Blake, are infinitely milder than they were. I assure you, I barely heard Mr. Jennings's explosion from the garden. And no smell afterward, that I can detect, now we have come back to the house! I must really apologize to your medical friend. It is only due to him to say that he has managed it beautifully!"

So, after vanquishing Betteredge and Mr. Bruff, Ezra Jennings vanquished Mrs. Merridew herself. There is a great deal of undeveloped liberal feeling in the world, after all!

At breakfast Mr. Bruff made no secret of his reasons for wishing that I should accompany him to London by the morning train. The watch kept at the bank, and the result which might yet come of it, appealed so irresistibly to Rachel's curiosity that she at once decided (if Mrs. Merridew had no objection) on accompanying us back to town—so as to be within reach of the earliest news of our proceedings.

Mrs. Merridew proved to be all pliability and indulgence, after the truly considerate manner in which the explosion had conducted itself; and Betteredge was accordingly informed that we were all four to travel back together by the morning train. I fully expected that he would have asked leave to accompany us. But Rachel had wisely provided her faithful old servant with an occupation that interested him. He was charged with completing the refurnishing of the house, and was too full of his domestic responsibilities to feel the "detective-fever" as he might have felt it under other circumstances.

Our one subject of regret, in going to London, was the necessity of parting, more abruptly than we could have wished, with Ezra Jennings. It was impossible to persuade him to accompany us. I could only promise to write to him—and Rachel could only insist on his coming to see her when she returned to Yorkshire. There was every prospect of our meeting again in a few months—and yet there was something very sad in seeing our best and dearest friend left standing alone on the platform as the train moved out of the station.

On our arrival in London, Mr. Bruff was accosted at the terminus by a small boy, dressed in a jacket and trowsers of threadbare black cloth, and personally remarkable in virtue of the extraordinary prominence of his eyes. They projected so far, and they rolled about so loosely, that you wondered uneasily why they remained in their sockets. After listening to the boy, Mr. Bruff asked the ladies whether they would excuse our accompanying them back to Portland Place. I had barely time to promise Rachel that I would return, and tell her every thing that had happened, before Mr. Bruff seized me by the arm and hurried me into a cab. The boy with the ill-secured eyes took his place on the box by the driver, and the driver was directed to go to Lombard Street.

"News from the bank?" I asked, as we started.

"News of Mr. Luker," said Mr. Bruff. "An hour ago he was seen to leave his house at Lambeth in a cab, accompanied by two men, who were recognized by *my* men as police-officers in plain clothes. If Mr. Luker's dread of the Indians is at the bottom of this precaution, the inference is plain enough. He is going to take the Diamond out of the bank."

"And we are going to the bank to see what comes of it?"

"Yes—or to hear what has come of it, if it is all over by this time. Did you notice my boy—on the box there?"

"I noticed his eyes!"

Mr. Bruff laughed. "They call the poor little wretch 'Gooseberry' at the office," he said. "I employ him to go on errands—and I only wish my clerks who have nicknamed him were as thoroughly to be depended on as he is. Gooseberry is one of the sharpest boys in London, Mr. Blake, in spite of his eyes."

It was twenty minutes to five when we drew up before the bank in Lombard Street. Gooseberry looked longingly at his master as he opened the cab door.

"Do you want to come in too?" asked Mr. Bruff, kindly. "Come in then, and keep at my heels till further orders. He's as quick as lightning," pursued Mr. Bruff, addressing me in a whisper. "Two words will do with Gooseberry where twenty would be wanted with another boy."

We entered the bank. The outer office—with the long counter, behind which the cashiers sat—was crowded with people; all waiting their turn to take money out, or to pay money in, before the bank closed at five o'clock.

Two men among the crowd approached Mr. Bruff as soon as he showed himself.

"Well," asked the lawyer. "Have you seen him?"

"He passed us here half an hour since, Sir, and went on into the inner office."

"Has he not come out again yet?"

"No, Sir."

Mr. Bruff turned to me. "Let us wait," he said.

I looked round among the people about me for the three Indians. Not a sign of them was to be seen any where. The only person present with a noticeably dark complexion was a tall man in a pilot coat, and a round hat, who looked like a sailor. Could this be one of them in disguise? Impossible! The man was taller than any of the Indians; and his face, where it was not hidden by a bushy black beard, was twice the breadth of any of their faces at least.

"They must have their spy somewhere," said Mr. Bruff, looking at the dark sailor in his turn. "And he may be the man."

Before he could say any more his coat-tail was respectfully pulled by his attendant sprite with the gooseberry eyes. Mr. Bruff looked where the boy was looking. "Hush!" he said. "Here is Mr. Luker!"

The money-lender came out from the inner regions of the bank, followed by his two guardian policemen in plain clothes.

"Keep your eye on him," whispered Mr. Bruff. "If he passes the Diamond to any body, he will pass it here."

Without noticing either of us, Mr. Luker slowly made his way to the door—now in the thickest, now in the thinnest part of the crowd. I distinctly saw his hand move as he passed a short, stout man, respectably dressed in a suit of sober gray. The man started a little, and looked after him. Mr. Luker moved on slowly through the crowd. At the door his guard placed themselves on either side of him. They were all three followed by one of Mr. Bruff's two men—and I saw them no more.

I looked round at the lawyer, and then looked significantly toward the man in the suit of sober gray. "Yes!" whispered Mr. Bruff, "I saw it too!" He turned about in search of his second man. The second man was nowhere to be seen. He looked behind him for his attendant sprite. Gooseberry had disappeared.

"What the devil does it mean!" said Mr. Bruff, angrily. "They have both left us at the very time when we want them most."

It came to the turn of the man in the gray suit to transact his business at the counter. He paid in a check—received a receipt for it—and turned to go out.

"What is to be done?" asked Mr. Bruff. "*We* can't degrade ourselves by following him."

"*I* can!" I said. "I wouldn't lose sight of that man for ten thousand pounds!"

"In that case," rejoined Mr. Bruff, "I wouldn't lose sight of *you* for twice the money. A nice occupation for a man in my position," he muttered to himself, as we followed the stranger out of the bank. "For Heaven's sake, don't mention it! I should be ruined if it was known."

The man in the gray suit got into an omnibus, going westward. We got in after him. There were latent reserves of youth still left in Mr. Bruff. I assert it positively—when he took his seat in the omnibus he blushed!

The man with the gray suit stopped the omnibus and got out in Oxford Street. We followed him again. He went into a chemist's shop.

Mr. Bruff started. "My chemist!" he exclaimed. "I am afraid we have made a mistake."

We entered the shop. Mr. Bruff and the proprietor exchanged a few words in private. The lawyer joined me again, with a very crest-fallen face.

"It's greatly to our credit," he said, as he took my arm and led me out—"that's one comfort!"

"What is to our credit?" I asked.

"Mr. Blake! you and I are the two worst amateur detectives that ever tried their hands at the trade. The man in the gray suit has been thirty years in the chemist's service. He was sent to the bank to pay money to his master's account—and he knows no more of the Moonstone than the babe unborn."

I asked what was to be done next.

"Come back to my office," said Mr. Bruff. "Gooseberry and my second man have evidently followed somebody else. Let us hope that *they* had their eyes about them, at any rate!"

When we reached Gray's Inn Square the second man had arrived there before us. He had been waiting for more than a quarter of an hour.

"Well!" asked Mr. Bruff. "What's your news?"

"I am sorry to say, Sir," replied the man, "that I have made a mistake. I could have taken my oath that I saw Mr. Luker pass something to an elderly gentleman in a light-colored paletot. The elderly gentleman turns out, Sir, to be a most respectable master iron-monger in Eastcheap."

"Where is Gooseberry?" asked Mr. Bruff, resignedly.

The man stared. "I don't know, Sir. I have seen nothing of him since I left the bank."

Mr. Bruff dismissed the man. "One of two things," he said to me. "Either Gooseberry has run away, or he is hunting on his own account. What do you say to dining here, on the chance that the boy may come back in an hour or two? I have got some good wine in the cellar, and we can get a chop from the coffee-house."

We dined at Mr. Bruff's chambers. Before the cloth was removed "a person" was announced as wanting to speak to the lawyer. Was the person Gooseberry? No: only the man who had been employed to follow Mr. Luker when he left the bank.

The report, in this case, presented no feature of the slightest interest. Mr. Luker had gone back to his own house, and had there dismissed his guard. He had not gone out again afterward. Toward dusk the shutters had been put up and the doors had been bolted. The street before the house, and the alley behind the house, had been carefully watched. No signs of the Indians had been visible. No person whatever had been seen loitering about the premises. Having stated these facts the man waited to know whether there were any further orders. Mr. Bruff dismissed him for the night.

"Do you think Mr. Luker has taken the Moonstone home with him?" I asked.

"Not he," said Mr. Bruff. "He would never have dismissed his two policemen if he had run the risk of keeping the Diamond in his own house again."

We waited another half hour for the boy, and waited in vain. It was then time for Mr. Bruff to go to Hampstead, and for me to return to Rachel in Portland Place. I left my card, in charge of the porter at the chambers, with a line written on it to say that I should be at my lodgings at half past ten that night. The card was to be given to the boy, if the boy came back.

Some men have a knack of keeping appointments; and other men have a knack of missing them. I am one of the other men. Add to this that I passed the evening at Portland Place, on the same seat with Rachel, in a room forty feet long, with Mrs. Merridew at the further end of it. Does any body wonder that I got home at half past twelve instead of half past ten? How thoroughly heartless that person must be! And how earnestly I hope I may never make that person's acquaintance!

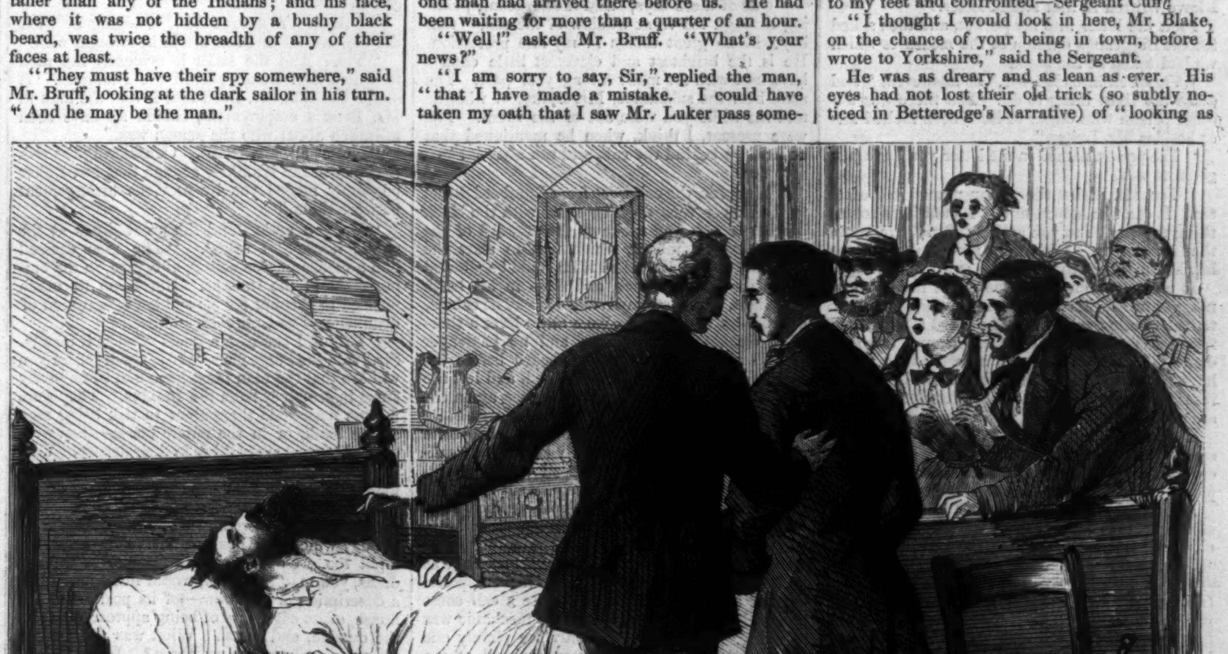
My servant handed me a morsel of paper when he let me in.

I read, in a neat, legal handwriting, these words: "If you please, Sir, I am getting sleepy. I will come back to-morrow morning, between nine and ten." Inquiry proved that a boy, with very extraordinary-looking eyes, had called, had presented my card and message, had waited an hour, had done nothing but fall asleep and wake up again, had written a line for me, and had gone home—after gravely informing the servant that "he was fit for nothing unless he got his night's rest."

At nine the next morning I was ready for my visitor. At half past nine I heard steps outside my door. "Come in, Gooseberry!" I called out. "Thank you, Sir," answered a grave and melancholy voice. The door opened. I started to my feet and confronted—Sergeant Cuff.

"I thought I would look in here, Mr. Blake, on the chance of your being in town, before I wrote to Yorkshire," said the Sergeant.

He was as dreary and as lean as ever. His eyes had not lost their old trick (so subtly noticed in Betteredge's Narrative) of "looking as



"LOOK AT THE MAN'S FACE. IT IS A FACE DISGUISED—AND HERE'S THE PROOF OF IT!"

if they expected something more from you than you were aware of yourself." But, so far as dress can alter a man, the great Cuff was changed beyond all recognition. He wore a broad-brimmed white hat, a light shooting-jacket, white trowsers, and drab gaiters. He carried a stout oak stick. His whole aim and object seemed to be to look as if he had lived in the country all his life. When I complimented him on his Metamorphosis he declined to take it as a joke. He complained, quite gravely, of the noises and the smells of London. I declare I am far from sure that he did not speak with a slightly rustic accent! I offered him breakfast. The innocent countryman was quite shocked. *His* breakfast-hour was half past six—and *he* went to bed with the cocks and hens!

"I only got back from Ireland last night," said the Sergeant, coming round to the practical object of his visit, in his own impenetrable manner. "Before I went to bed I read your letter, telling me what has happened since my inquiry after the Diamond was suspended last year. There's only one thing to be said about the matter, on my side. I completely mistook my case. How any man living was to have seen things in their true light, in such a situation as mine was at the time, I don't profess to know. But that doesn't alter the facts as they stand. I own that I made a mess of it. Not the first mess, Mr. Blake, which has distinguished my professional career! It's only in books that the officers of the detective force are superior to the weakness of making a mistake."

"You have come in the nick of time to recover your reputation," I said.

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Blake," rejoined the Sergeant. "Now I have retired from business I don't care a straw about my reputation. I have done with my reputation, thank God! I am here, Sir, in grateful remembrance of the late Lady Verinder's liberality to me. I will go back to my old work—if you want me, and if you will trust me—on that consideration, and on no other. Not a farthing of money is to pass, if you please, from you to me. This is on honor. Now tell me, Mr. Blake, how the case stands since you wrote to me last."

I told him of the experiment with the opium, and of what had occurred afterward at the bank in Lombard Street. He was greatly struck by the experiment—it was something entirely new in his experience. And he was particularly interested in the theory of Ezra Jennings, relating to what I had done with the Diamond, after I had left Rachel's sitting-room, on the birthday night.

"I don't hold with Mr. Jennings that you hid the Moonstone," said Sergeant Cuff. "But I agree with him that you must certainly have taken it back to your own room."

"Well?" I asked. "And what happened then?"

"Have you no suspicion yourself of what happened, Sir?"

"None whatever."

"Has Mr. Bruff no suspicion?"

"No more than I have."

Sergeant Cuff rose, and went to my writing-table. He came back with a sealed envelope. It was marked "Private;" it was addressed to me; and it had the Sergeant's signature in the corner.

"I suspected the wrong person last year," he said; "and I may be suspecting the wrong person now. Wait to open the envelope, Mr. Blake, till you have got at the truth; and then compare the name of the guilty person with the name that I have written in that sealed letter."

I put the letter into my pocket, and then asked for the Sergeant's opinion of the measures which we had taken at the bank.

"Very well intended, Sir," he answered, "and quite the right thing to do. But there was another person who ought to have been looked after besides Mr. Luker."

"The person named in the letter you have just given to me?"

"Yes, Mr. Blake, the person named in the letter. It can't he helped now. I shall have something to propose to you and Mr. Bruff, Sir, when the time comes. Let's wait, first, and see if the boy has any thing to tell us that is worth hearing."

It was close on ten o'clock, and the boy had not yet made his appearance. Sergeant Cuff talked of other matters. He asked after his old friend Betteredge, and his old enemy the gardener. In a minute more he would no doubt have got from this to the subject of his favorite roses, if my servant had not interrupted us by announcing that the boy was below.

On being brought into the room, Gooseberry stopped at the threshold of the door, and looked distrustfully at the stranger who was in my company. I called to the boy to come to me.

"You may speak before this gentleman," I said. "He is here to assist me; and he knows all that has happened. Sergeant Cuff," I added, "this is the boy from Mr. Bruff's office."

In our modern system of civilization, celebrity (no matter of what kind) is the lever that will move any thing. The fame of the great Cuff had even reached the ears of the small Gooseberry. The boy's ill-fixed eyes rolled, when I mentioned the illustrious name, till I thought they really must have dropped on the carpet.

"Come here, my lad," said the Sergeant, "and let's hear what you have got to tell us."

The notice of the great man—the hero of many a famous story in every lawyer's office in London—appeared to fascinate the boy. He placed himself in front of Sergeant Cuff, and put his hands behind him, after the approved fashion of a neophyte who is examined in his catechism.

"What is your name?" said the Sergeant, beginning with the first question in the catechism.

"Octavius Guy," answered the boy. "They call me Gooseberry at the office, because of my eyes."

"Octavius Guy, otherwise Gooseberry," pursued the Sergeant, with the utmost gravity, "you were missed at the bank yesterday. What were you about?"

"If you please, Sir, I was following a man."

"Who was he?"

"A tall man, Sir, with a big black beard, dressed like a sailor."

"I remember the man!" I broke in. "Mr. Bruff and I thought he was a spy, employed by the Indians."

Sergeant Cuff did not appear to be much impressed by what Mr. Bruff and I had thought. He went on catechising Gooseberry.

"Well?" he said—"and why did you follow the sailor?"

"If you please, Sir, Mr. Bruff wanted to know whether Mr. Luker passed any thing to any body on his way out of the bank. I saw Mr. Luker pass something to the sailor with the black beard."

"Why didn't you tell Mr. Bruff what you saw?"

"I hadn't time to tell any body, Sir, the sailor went out in such a hurry."

"And you ran out after him—eh?"

"Yes, Sir."

"Gooseberry," said the Sergeant, patting his head, "you have got something in that small skull of yours—and it isn't cotton-wool. I am greatly pleased with you, so far."

The boy blushed with pleasure. Sergeant Cuff went on.

"Well? and what did the sailor do, when he got into the street?"

"He called a cab, Sir."

"And what did you do?"

"Held on behind, and run after it."

Before the Sergeant could put his next question, another visitor was announced—the head clerk from Mr. Bruff's office.

Feeling the importance of not interrupting Sergeant Cuff's examination of the boy, I received the clerk in another room. He came with bad news of his employer. The agitation and excitement of the last two days had proved too much for Mr. Bruff. He had awoke that morning with an attack of gout; he was confined to his room at Hampstead; and, in the present critical condition of our affairs, he was very uneasy at being compelled to leave me without the advice and assistance of an experienced person. The chief clerk had received orders to hold himself at my disposal, and was willing to do his best to replace Mr. Bruff.

I wrote at once to quiet the old gentleman's mind, by telling him of Sergeant Cuff's visit: adding that Gooseberry was at that moment under examination; and promising to inform Mr. Bruff, either personally or by letter, of whatever might occur later in the day. Having dispatched the clerk to Hampstead with my note, I returned to the room which I had left, and found Sergeant Cuff at the fire-place, in the act of ringing the bell.

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Blake," said the Sergeant. "I was just going to send word by your servant that I wanted to speak to you. There isn't a doubt on my mind that this boy—this most meritorious boy," added the Sergeant, patting Gooseberry on the head, "has followed the right man. Precious time has been lost, Sir, through your unfortunately not being at home at half past ten last night. The only thing to do, now, is to send for a cab immediately."

In five minutes more Sergeant Cuff and I (with Gooseberry on the box to guide the driver) were on our way eastward, toward the City.

"One of these days," said the Sergeant, pointing through the front window of the cab, "that boy will do great things in my late profession. He is the brightest and cleverest little chap I have met with for many a long year past. You shall hear the substance, Mr. Blake, of what he told me while you were out of the room. You were present, I think, when he mentioned that he held on behind the cab, and ran after it?"

"Yes."

"Well, Sir, the cab went from Lombard Street to the Tower Wharf. The sailor with the black beard got out, and spoke to the steward of the Rotterdam steamboat, which was to start the next morning. He asked if he could be allowed to go on board at once, and sleep in his berth overnight. The steward said, No. The cabins, and berths, and bedding were all to have a thorough cleaning that evening, and no passenger could be allowed to come on board before the morning. The sailor turned round, and left the wharf. When he got into the street again the boy noticed, for the first time, a man dressed like a respectable mechanic, walking on the opposite side of the road, and apparently keeping the sailor in view. The sailor stopped at an eating-house in the neighborhood, and went in. The boy—not being able to make up his mind at the moment—hung about among some other boys, staring at the good things in the eating-house window. He noticed the mechanic, waiting, as he himself was waiting—but still on the opposite side of the street. After a minute a cab came by slowly, and stopped where the mechanic was standing. The boy could only see plainly one person in the cab, who leaned forward at the window to speak to the mechanic. He described that person, Mr. Blake, without any prompting from me, as having a dark face, like the face of an Indian."

It was plain, by this time, that Mr. Bruff and I had made another mistake. The sailor with the black beard was clearly not a spy in the service of the Indian conspiracy. Was he, by any possibility, the man who had got the Diamond?

"After a little," pursued the Sergeant, "the cab moved on slowly down the street. The mechanic crossed the road, and went into the eating-house. The boy waited outside till he was hungry and tired—and then went into the eating-house, in his turn. He had a shilling in his pocket; and he dined sumptuously, he tells me, on a black pudding, an eel-pie, and a bottle of ginger-beer. What can a boy *not* digest? The substance in question has never been found yet."

"What did he see in the eating-house?" I asked.

"Well, Mr. Blake, he saw the sailor reading the newspaper at one table, and the mechanic reading the newspaper at another. It was dusk before the sailor got up and left the place. He looked about him suspiciously when he got out into the street. The boy—*being* a boy—passed unnoticed. The mechanic had not come out yet. The sailor walked on, looking about him, and apparently not very certain of where he was going next. The mechanic appeared once more, on the opposite side of the road. The sailor went on, till he got to Shore Lane, leading into Lower Thames Street. There he stopped before a public house under the sign of The Wheel of Fortune, and, after examining the place outside, went in. Gooseberry went in too. There were a great many people, mostly of the decent sort, at the bar. The Wheel of Fortune is a very respectable house, Mr. Blake; famous for its porter and pork-pies."

The Sergeant's digressions irritated me. He saw it, and confined himself more strictly to Gooseberry's evidence when he went on.

"The sailor," he resumed, "asked if he could have a bed. The landlord said 'No; they were full.' The barmaid corrected him, and said 'Number Ten was empty.' A waiter was sent for to show the sailor to Number Ten. Just before that, Gooseberry had noticed the mechanic among the people at the bar. Before the waiter had answered the call, the mechanic had vanished. The sailor was taken off to his room. Not knowing what to do next, Gooseberry had the wisdom to wait and see if any thing happened. Something did happen. The landlord was called for. Angry voices were heard up stairs. The mechanic suddenly made his appearance again, collared by the landlord, and exhibiting, to Gooseberry's great surprise, all the signs and tokens of being drunk. The landlord thrust him out at the door, and threatened him with the police if he came back. From the altercation between them, while this was going on, it appeared that the man had been discovered in Number Ten, and had declared with drunken obstinacy that he had taken the room. Gooseberry was so struck by this sudden intoxication of a previously sober person, that he couldn't resist running out after the mechanic into the street. As long as he was in sight of the public house, the man reeled about in the most disgraceful manner. The moment he turned the corner of the street he recovered his balance instantly, and became as sober a member of society as you could wish to see. Gooseberry went back to The Wheel of Fortune in a very bewildered state of mind. He waited about again, on the chance of something happening. Nothing happened; and nothing more was to be heard or seen of the sailor. Gooseberry decided on going back to the office. Just as he came to this conclusion, who should appear, on the opposite side of the street as usual, but the mechanic again! He looked up at one particular window at the top of the public house, which was the only one that had a light in it. The light seemed to relieve his mind. He left the place directly. The boy made his way back to Gray's Inn, got your card and message, called, and failed to find you. There you have the state of the case, Mr. Blake, as it stands at the present time."

"What is your opinion of the case, Sergeant?"

"I think it's serious, Sir. Judging by what the boy saw the Indians are in it, to begin with."

"Yes. And the sailor is evidently the man to whom Mr. Luker passed the Diamond. It seems odd that Mr. Bruff and I, and the man in Mr. Bruff's employment, should all have been mistaken about who the person was."

"Not at all, Mr. Blake. Considering the risk that person ran it's likely enough that Mr. Luker purposely misled you by previous arrangement between them."

"Do you understand the proceedings at the public house?" I asked. "The man dressed like a mechanic was acting, of course, in the employment of the Indians. But I am as much puzzled to account for his sudden assumption of drunkenness as Gooseberry himself."

"I think I can give a guess at what it means, Sir," said the Sergeant. "If you will reflect you will see that the man must have had some pretty strict instructions from the Indians. They were far too noticeable themselves to risk being seen at the bank, or in the public house—they were obliged to trust every thing to their deputy. Very good. Their deputy hears a certain number named in the public house as the number of the room which the sailor is to have for the night—that being also the room (unless our notion is all wrong) which the Diamond is to have for the night too. Under those circumstances the Indians, you may rely on it, would insist on having a description of the room—of its position in the house, of its capability of being approached from the outside, and so on. What was the man to do, with such orders as these? Just what he did! He ran up stairs to get a look at the room before the sailor was taken into it. He was found there, making his observations—and he shammed drunk as the easiest way of getting out of the difficulty. That's how I read the riddle. After he was turned out of the public house he probably went with his report to the place where his employers were waiting for him. And his employers, no doubt, sent him back to make sure that the sailor was really settled at the public house till the next morning. As for what happened at The Wheel of Fortune, after the boy left, we ought to have discovered that last night. It's eleven in the morning now. We must hope for the best and find out what we can."

In a quarter of an hour more the cab stopped in Shore Lane, and Gooseberry opened the door for us to get out.

"All right?" asked the Sergeant.

"All right," answered the boy.

The moment we entered The Wheel of Fortune it was plain, even to my inexperienced eyes, that there was something wrong in the house.

The only person behind the counter at which the liquors were served was a bewildered servant girl, perfectly ignorant of the business. One or two customers, waiting for their morning drink, were tapping impatiently on the counter with their money. The barmaid appeared from the inner regions of the parlor, excited and preoccupied. She answered Sergeant Cuff's inquiry for the landlord by telling him sharply that her master was up stairs, and was not to be bothered by any body.

"Come along with me, Sir," said Sergeant Cuff, coolly leading the way up stairs, and beckoning to the boy to follow him.

The barmaid called to her master, and warned him that strangers were intruding themselves into the house. On the first-floor we were encountered by the landlord, hurrying down, in a highly irritated state, to see what was the matter.

"Who the devil are you? and what do you want here?" he asked.

"Keep your temper," said the Sergeant, quietly. "I'll tell you who I am, to begin with. I am Sergeant Cuff."

The illustrious name instantly produced its effect. The angry landlord threw open the door of a sitting-room, and asked the Sergeant's pardon.

"I am annoyed and out of sorts, Sir—that's the truth," he said. "Something unpleasant has happened in the house this morning. A man in my way of business has a deal to upset his temper, Sergeant Cuff."

"Not a doubt of it," said the Sergeant. "I'll come at once, if you will allow me, to what brings us here. This gentleman and I want to trouble you with a few inquiries, on a matter of some interest to both of us."

"Relating to what, Sir?" asked the landlord.

"Relating to a dark man, dressed like a sailor, who slept here last night."

"Good God! that's the man who is upsetting the whole house at this moment!" exclaimed the landlord. "Do you, or does this gentleman, know any thing about him?"

"We can't be certain till we see him," answered the Sergeant.

"See him?" echoed the landlord. "That's the one thing that nobody has been able to do since seven o'clock this morning. That was the time when he left word, last night, that he was to be called. He *was* called—and there was no getting an answer from him. They tried again at eight, and they tried again at nine. No use! There was the door still locked—and not a sound to be heard in the room! I have been out this morning—and I only got back a quarter of an hour ago. I have hammered at the door myself—and all to no purpose. The pot-boy has gone to fetch a carpenter. If you can wait a few minutes, gentlemen, we will have the door opened, and see what it means."

"Was the man drunk last night?" asked Sergeant Cuff.

"Perfectly sober, Sir—or I would never have let him sleep in my house."

"Did he pay for his bed beforehand?"

"No."

"Could he leave the room in any way, without going out by the door?"

"The room is a garret," said the landlord. "But there's a trap-door in the ceiling, leading out on to the roof—and a little lower down the street there's an empty house under repair. Do you think, Sergeant, the blackguard has got off in that way, without paying?"

"A sailor," said Sergeant Cuff, "might have done it—early in the morning, before the street was astir. He would be used to climbing, and his head wouldn't fail him on the roofs of the houses."

As he spoke the arrival of the carpenter was announced. We all went up stairs, at once, to the top story. I noticed that the Sergeant was unusually grave, even for *him*. It also struck me as odd that he told the boy (after having previously encouraged him to follow us), to wait in the room below till we came down again.

The carpenter's hammer and chisel disposed of the resistance of the door in a few minutes. But some article of furniture had been placed against it inside, as a barricade. By pushing at the door we thrust this obstacle aside, and so got admission to the room. The landlord entered first; the Sergeant second; and I third. The other persons present followed us.

We all looked toward the bed, and all started.

The man had not left the room. He lay, dressed, on the bed, with a white pillow over his face, which completely hid it from view.

"What does that mean?" said the landlord, pointing to the pillow.

Sergeant Cuff led the way to the bed, without answering, and removed the pillow.

The man's swarthy face was placid and still; his black hair and beard were slightly, very slightly discomposed. His eyes stared wide open, glassy and vacant, at the ceiling. The filmy look and the fixed expression of them horrified me. I turned away, and went to the open window. The rest of them remained, where Sergeant Cuff remained, at the bed.

"He's in a fit!" I heard the landlord say.

"He's dead," the Sergeant answered. "Send for the nearest doctor, and send for the police."

The waiter was dispatched on both errands. Some strange fascination seemed to hold Sergeant Cuff to the bed. Some strange curiosity seemed to keep the rest of them waiting to see what the Sergeant would do next.

I turned again to the window. The moment afterward I felt a soft pull at my coat-tails, and a small voice whispered, "Look here, Sir!"

Gooseberry had followed us into the room. His loose eyes rolled frightfully—not in terror, but in exultation. He had made a detective-discovery on his own account. "Look here, Sir," he repeated—and led me to a table in a corner of the room.

On the table stood a little wooden box open and empty. On one side of the box lay some jeweler's cotton. On the other side was a torn sheet of white paper, with a seal on it, partly destroyed, and with an inscription in writing, which was still perfectly legible. The inscription was in these words:

"Deposited with Messrs. Bushe, Lysaught, and Bushe, by Mr. Septimus Luker of Middlesex Place, Lambeth, a small wooden box, sealed up in this envelope, and containing a valuable of great price. The box, when claimed, to be only given up by Messrs. Bushe and Co. on the personal application of Mr. Luker."

Those lines removed all further doubt on one point at least. The sailor had been in possession of the Moonstone when he had left the bank on the previous day.

I felt another pull at my coat-tails. Gooseberry had not done with me yet.

"Robbery!" whispered the boy, pointing, in high delight, to the empty box.

"You were told to wait down stairs," I said. "Go away!"

"And Murder!" added Gooseberry, pointing, with a keener relish still, to the man on the bed.

There was something so hideous in the boy's enjoyment of the horror of the scene that I took him by the two shoulders and put him out of the room.

At the moment when I crossed the threshold of the door I heard Sergeant Cuff's voice asking where I was. He met me, as I returned into the room, and forced me to go back with him to the bedside.

"Mr. Blake!" he said. "Look at the man's face. It is a face disguised—and here's the proof of it!"

He traced with his finger a thin line of livid white, running backward from the dead man's forehead, between the swarthy complexion and the slightly-disturbed black hair. "Let's see what is under this," said the Sergeant, suddenly seizing the black hair with a firm grip of his hand.

My nerves were not strong enough to bear it. I turned away again from the bed.

The first sight that met my eyes, at the other end of the room, was the irrepressible Gooseberry, perched on a chair, and looking with breathless interest, over the heads of his elders, at the Sergeant's proceedings.

"He's pulling off his wig!" whispered Gooseberry, compassionating my position, as the only person in the room who could see nothing.

There was a pause—and then a cry of astonishment among the people round the bed.

"He's pulled off his beard!" cried Gooseberry.

There was another pause. Sergeant Cuff asked for something. The landlord went to the washhand-stand, and returned to the bed with a basin of water and a towel.

Gooseberry danced with excitement on the chair. "Come up here, along with me, Sir! He's washing off his complexion."

The Sergeant suddenly burst his way through the people about him, and came, with horror in his face, straight to the place where I was standing.

"Come back to the bed, Sir!" he began. He looked at me closer, and checked himself. "No!" he resumed. "Open the sealed letter first—the letter I gave you this morning."

I opened the letter.

"Read the name, Mr. Blake, that I have written inside."

I read the name that he had written. It was —*Godfrey Ablewhite.*

"Now," said the Sergeant, "come with me, and look at the man on the bed."

I went with him, and looked at the man on the bed.

GODFREY ABLEWHITE!

PETER CAGGER.

IN the sudden death of PETER CAGGER, which occurred in this city during the session of the National Democratic Convention, New York has lost a gentleman who was one of the representative men of the State. Mr. CAGGER was fifty-two years of age. He was born in Albany. He was educated at Chambly (Canada), under the well-known Abbé MIGNAUD, and graduated at Mount St. Mary's College, Emmittsburg, Maryland. He was married before he was twenty-one years of age, and took immediately a prominent position in the legal profession and in politics. He held a controlling influence in his party for nearly thirty years; and yet always refused office, and kept absolutely aloof from the lobby and its schemes, or interfered only to baffle them. The large manorial property of the VAN RENSSELAERS passed into his hands, with accumulated rents, and complicated by lawsuits and party controversies of long standing. He had the skill and energy to settle the litigation to the satisfaction of all parties. In social life he was the most genial, refined, and delightful of men; proverbial for his amiability, and possessed of a temper never known to have been ruffled. His fidelity to his friends, irrespective of party relations or religious belief, has been known and experienced, for a quarter of a century, by the controlling minds of every county in the State. His hand was "open as day to melting charity," and benevolence to the poor, the widow, and the orphan, was one of the notable, as it was one of the most charming, of his many excellent qualities. His funeral from St. Joseph's Church was attended with all the pomp of ceremonial that the Catholic Church renders to the dead; and the demonstration of popular feeling on the occasion was one of the most remarkable tributes ever rendered to a private citizen.

A SEA-SHELL.

COOL lips of shell, sing, Sea-shell, warm and sweet,
Of ripples curling on the creamy beach,
Of soft waves singing in each other's ear,
Small wavelets kissing one another's feet,
Where flakes of foam make music, a low speech
Tenderly sad to hear.

Tell me of half-formed little broken words,
Sung by the ripples to the still sea-flowers
In silent sleeping tideless deeps of sea;
For there the flowers have voices like to birds,
That sing full-throated in this world of ours
On each melodious tree.

Not now, not now, sweet shell, some other day
Tell me of sighings on the lonely shore,
And seas that sob to birds that scream above;
Tell me not now of earth grown weak and gray,
Nor longing for the things that come no more,
Nor any broken love.

To me thy breathing bears another tone,
Of fresh cool currents running under sea,
And happy laughter of the sunny spray:
Ah! hearest thou the words that are thine own,
Know'st thou the message that they bear to me,
The things they seem to say?

Ah, Sea-shell, it is this: "The soft blue deep,
Which thrills with a heart that knows thee and is kind,
Sighed for thy sorrow, now it laughs with thee;
Love is a secret which man can not keep,
Hide it from heaven and the heedless wind,
But trust it with the sea!"

THE FISHERMEN OF BOULOGNE.

THE fishermen and their families inhabit a quarter of their own. It is called *La Beurrière*, and occupies a steep eminence fronting the sea, so that the mothers and sweet-hearts of the fishermen can descry their husbands' and lovers' boats while yet far away. They are a deeply religious people. Our Lady of Boulogne is their patroness and friend, and her image came over the sea against wind and tide hundreds and hundreds of years ago. Perhaps this is a Christian adaptation of the myth that Aphrodite sprang from the foam of the ocean—for we know how often the early missionaries gave a Christian turn to superstitious notions which they could not eradicate. When a southwest gale begins to blow, and the wind howls on the rocky coast about Cape Grisnez, the fisherwoman kneels to Our Lady's image over her bed, and prays for the preservation of those at sea. At certain seasons of the year they make a pilgrimage to a chapel dedicated to JESUS UNDER THE SCOURGE, carrying with them the model of a boat and a number of small candles, as an offering for the well-being of the absent. The boat is hung up to the roof of the chapel, and prayers are devoutly said. Here we have a relic of the Greek and Roman custom of presenting votive oblations, such as every Athenian sailor practiced. He propitiated the Nereids, nymphs of the sea, with offerings of milk and oil, as these beautiful spirits had the power of ruffling or calming the waters at their will.

The fishing people's costume is very peculiar. The women wear black and white striped woolen petticoats, with a shorter scarlet one over, both displaying a neat ankle incased in violet-colored stockings of worsted, which they knit themselves. You may see them by scores sitting on the pier-rails with their fish-baskets on their shoulders, plying their needles, while they wait for the return of the boats from sea. They show great ingenuity in the management of their sabots, or wooden shoes, and set an example of rare neatness to many a slatternly English house-maid. Their head-dress dates from immemorial antiquity. It is like an old-fashioned night-cap, with a large, stiff, flapping frill surrounding the face. This cap, with a smart silk apron, their ear-rings, and the chain round their necks with the portrait of their husbands attached, constitutes the gala dress of the married women. These ear-rings are golden ornaments of a peculiar shape, and are called *wheat-ears;* probably a refinement upon the rings and bones thrust by savages through the cartilage of the nose, and the wooden plugs, as big as table-spoons, put through slits in the under lip.

The dress of the men consists of a knitted worsted jerkin, close fitting to the skin; loose short trowsers that appear to be made of tarred linen; immense boots, well oiled and greased, reaching above their knees, and a *bonnet rouge*, which may have had a Phrygian origin.

The furniture of their houses is, like themselves, exceptional. Of course they have the central pendule or clock, with two china vases filled with artificial flowers, on the chimney-piece of their chief, and, as it often happens, only room. No true wife of a *matelot* would consider herself properly married without the possession of these ornaments. In the corner stands a large press, or armoire, containing the bride's trousseau; which is not considered complete unless it includes six dozen chemises for herself and six dozen shirts for her husband, upon which her thrifty hands have been engaged probably for many years before her marriage. The bed is a marvelous structure, often composed of four or five mattresses piled one on the other, so that the nose of the sleeper almost touches the ceiling. It is presumed that the sailor fancies he reposes more comfortably when his bed on shore is as narrow as the bunker of a fishing-boat. Not long ago a fisherman broke some of his limbs, and his wife, a huge muscular Christian, used to hoist him into bed as a miller might hoist a sack of flour on the top of a wagon-load. They are generally a temperate and frugal people. It is very seldom that a fisherman is found begging, either for himself or his family; he would lose caste among his people were he to do so. Their love of the drama is traditional; they prefer comedies in which all the good are rewarded in the long-run, and all the scoundrels come to grief. Their idea of judicial punishment is that great criminals ought to be tortured. They consider the guillotine far too lenient an instrument of execution. When Leduc drowned his helpless little children in the port of Boulogne, they freely expressed the opinion that, if they could catch him, they would fasten him up in a barrel full of spikes, and roll it up and down the cliffs at the mouth of the harbor.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

Now that many clergymen are recruiting their exhausted energies in quiet country places, and at the same time pondering upon the welfare of their flocks, and devising new means whereby social and public religious worship may be rendered both pleasant and profitable, a brief sketch of a certain recent prayer-meeting may give some hints. This prayer-meeting was one of many held by the Young Men's Christian Associations at their thirteenth International Convention, lately convened at Detroit. It was a morning meeting, and was conducted by a clergyman of Brooklyn. He made no long speech or prayer; but read a part of the first chapter of Acts, and stated that he wished to direct attention to the need of seeking the "power" mentioned in the eighth verse; a single verse of a hymn preceded and another succeeded the reading and remarks, and the meeting was open. Many short speeches and prayers were made, but they did not average more than two minutes each in length. Every man who rose to speak—and there was no confusion, although four or five often rose at once—had one single point to state and illustrate; and when he had done that, he sat down and was instantly followed by another. There were also many stanzas of hymns sung—never more than one at a time, but that always *well* sung. Such a meeting is inspiring. Can not such like be substituted for those dull, heavy gatherings which often are a weariness to the flesh and spirit of the best-minded Christian? Then, no minister will be obliged to say again and again in his prayer-meeting, "Brethren, there is still opportunity for remarks!"

The curious, mysterious, electric, magnetic, spiritualistic, or whatever it may be, toy, "Planchette," is wonderfully fashionable just now. The word "Planchette" means "a little board;" and the instrument known by the name is heart-shaped, usually made of wood, but sometimes of glass or rubber, about four inches in diameter, and is mounted upon two castors, the third support being a lead-pencil, which passes through the apex of the heart. "Planchette" appears to be of French origin, and is said to have been brought to this country some years ago, when our country was too much occupied in watching the movements of contending armies to spend much time in games. There are various theories in regard to this remarkable little companion; but the commonly received belief in regard to its action is, that if two persons place each a hand lightly upon this little table, touching it merely with the tips of the fingers, and wait long enough, Planchette will begin to run about; and that after a while it will write out the answer to any question which may be asked, without any intentional impulse being given by those who touch it. Undoubtedly, if in any cases Planchette moves without being mischievously or designedly impelled by the operators, the influence may be magnetic; but thus far we fancy this toy has proved most amusing from its extraordinary specimens of chirography. Nevertheless some strange stories are told of the wonderful answers which are extorted from this "little board;" and as the directions for the game say that "*if possible*," the companion operators should be a lady and a gentleman, Planchette is likely to be a favorite amusement at watering-places and country resorts. It has been humorously proposed to construct a Planchette of the size of a dog-cart, with a seat for two, exchanging the lead-pencil for a guiding-wheel, like that of a velocipede. The motive power will, of course, be supplied by those who ride, their hands resting lightly upon a platform raised in front of them. The velocity depending upon the volition, think how convenient for a runaway couple!

Some ingenious Parisian absurdities have recently been introduced into this country, though as yet they are but little known. A lady, for instance, will wear a carved and gilded bird in her hair, with outspread wings and movable bill, which keep up a constant motion in exact imitation of the real bird. Or some stylish gentleman will display a scarf-pin consisting of a negro's head, chiseled and painted in careful imitation of the African features. Suddenly the scarf-pin begins to roll its eyes and chatter with its jaws. In each instance the trinket is connected with a small electrical battery—which, in case of the scarf-pin, is carried in the vest-pocket, and of the bird concealed in the folds of the hair.

It is said that the eggs of the locust are deadly poison; and a young lady living in Georgia is reported to have been fatally poisoned by using a twig for a tooth-brush wherein the locusts had deposited their eggs. Also in Tennessee six boys—three white and three black—were found dead under a mulberry-tree from eating the berries in which the locusts had deposited their eggs.

A very extraordinary "bear-story" is related by a Michigan paper. A little girl, whose home was near some woods, disappeared, and nothing could be learned of her whereabouts for thirty-six hours. Bear-tracks were found in the vicinity, and it was supposed that she had been carried off and devoured. A gentleman, who was searching for her, thought he heard a child's voice among the bushes, and, calling her, asked her to come to him. She replied that the bear would not let her. The men then crept through the brush, and when near the spot where the child and bear were, they heard a splash in the water, which the child said was the bear. They found her standing upon a log extending about half-way across the river. The bear had undertaken to cross the river on the log, and being closely pursued, left the child and swam away. She had received some scratches, and her clothes were almost torn from her body; but apparently the bear had not designedly hurt her. The little one says the bear would put her down occasionally to rest, and would hang his head by her side and purr and rub against her like a cat. At night, she says, the old bear lay down beside her and put his "arms" around her, and hugged her to him and kept her warm, though she did not like his long hair.

The "seventeen-year locusts" are ravaging the forests of Indiana. They do not appear to injure the fruit trees or vegetables, preferring the forest trees. This insect looks like a large horse-fly, with square head, black body, red eyes, and gauzy, transparent wings. It is said by naturalists that this is not a locust at all, differing from it in many particulars, especially in not having the power of leaping. These insects do appear once in seventeen years, however. On their wing-covers is a distinctly marked W, which the superstitious suppose to indicate approaching war. They have appeared in some of the Middle States.

The Canadian Government has decided to erect an executive mansion for the Lieutenant-Governor of Ontario. The contract for building the house has been given out at $57,878. The work is to be completed by the latter part of next year.

The New York *Journal of Music* relates a remarkable instance of the triumph of music over delirium, which we briefly condense. Some time since a wild-looking man rushed into one of the rooms of the Howard Mission, inquiring, "Is Awful Gardiner here?" (referring to Orville Gardiner, a reformed drunkard and gambler, once noted in New York). Being answered in the negative, he exclaimed, "Then I am lost!" and, drawing a knife from under his vest, he was about to stab himself, when Mr. Van Meter sprang forward and caught his arm. Attempts to wrest the knife from him were in vain; the unfortunate man was seized with a fit of delirium tremens, and became unmanageable. A gentleman who was present, not knowing what to do, sat down to the melodeon, and began to play and sing, "Come, ye disconsolate." The effect was magical. The maniac became calmer; and as other hymns were sung he sat down and sobbed like a child. A cup of strong coffee quieted his nerves, and soon he seemed to have completely regained the use of his faculties. For some time all efforts to ascertain who the man was were in vain; but at length he was found to be a resident of Hartford, wealthy and well-connected, who had fallen into dissipation, with the above result. Christian friends extended a helping hand, and he regained his former position in society by a complete reform.

Ministers generally have the good sense to moderate the length of their sermons during July and August. But the Boston preacher who, on a hot Sunday, after using up two hankerchiefs in wiping the perspiration from his face, went on, even though he had not a third one, and preached fifty minutes, ought to expect an empty house during the remainder of the season.

"It is a truth well known among observers of human nature that men who constantly drink liquor in winter to keep warm are most sensitive to the cold, and those who drink in summer to keep cool are most sensitive to heat." So very justly remarks an exchange.

Silk-worms' eggs, of late years, have been extensively imported from Japan to Italy, in order to repair the losses sustained by disease among the Italian worms. At first the imported eggs hatched out healthy insects, but recently great complaints have prevailed as to the failure of the Japanese breed. On investigation it appears that a great number of cases containing empty papers of the kind in which the Japanese eggs are usually sent have been received by a Milan house. These papers are duly stamped and inscribed in Japanese; they bear the custom-house mark usually put on them at Yeddo on their way to the Yokohama market. Beyond a doubt these papers were intended to receive Italian eggs, which would be sold to the public as genuine Japanese—thus discrediting the only eggs on which is now based a hope of reviving the silk culture in Italy. Doubtless there *is* such a thing existing as commercial honesty, and there are business firms, we are happy to believe, who conduct their affairs on just, true, and honorable principles. But they are rare, so rare that one hesitates where and who to trust. And every little while some great fraud is revealed by which the public has been basely deceived. A week or two ago a New England clergyman stated in his pulpit that the confidential clerk of a prominent business firm in Boston remarked to him, that "it was *impossible* to do business in the ordinary way, and yet follow the teachings of Christ." Whether this remark was based on actual facts of a general nature or not, it indicates that there are great evils to be remedied, and that Christian business-men hold responsible positions.

Economy is a valuable trait of character. Two men lately undressed and attempted to swim across the Connecticut River at Montague to save three cents toll. They tied their clothes about their necks, and one of them, finding that the clothing was too heavy, had to untie it, and it floated away down the river. It was a new suit.

The Nashville (Tennessee) *Banner* relates a wonderful story of a wonderful serpent, which has recently made a pretty public exhibition of himself, to the alarm of all beholders. Those who were favored with a sight of the monster allowed him, unmolested but carefully watched, to retreat to his hole—a process which occupied, with stoppages, some hours. The snake was estimated to be forty feet long, and about forty inches in diameter. After he retreated to his hole the entrance was blocked up with stones, and then a strong box fifty feet long was made, one open end of which was thrust into his snakeship's retreat. They hope to capture him. This is the substance of the story; and it is said that the creature has been seen several times before within the last twenty-five years.

During the hottest weather the Parisians in general close the outside shutters of their windows, and sit in darkened rooms until five o'clock; then a few venture to the Bois de Boulogne, returning home at half past seven. At eight all the fashionable world dine, and at ten go out once more to the Bois, and remain there till midnight. Parisians literally turn night into day at this season, so far as outdoor exercise is concerned. The Emperor and Empress have been enjoying their sojourn at Fontainebleau after their own fashion. They take especial delight in dining in the forest. They do not, however, have picnic dinners on the grass, where scrambles, smashes, and upsets are general, but a large, stately dinner-table is laid out, and their Majesties are served with all due magnificence and luxury, just as though they were in their palace. Hot *entrées* served on silver dishes, baskets of flowers, crystal vases, tumblers, bright and dazzling with prismatic colors, cover the well-served table; nothing is wanting. Sometimes the Court dines in the open air under the large trees near the castle. For these pleasure-parties the ladies wear what are called "costumes for the country," made either of muslin or buff foulard, or of white *piqué*, embroidered in colors; but, whatever the material, the costume is always short. Even during this sultry weather the Parisians dance. At a large ball recently held at the Turkish Embassy, white dresses were in the majority; but the lady guests were fairly puzzled to know what to wear that would be sufficiently light and aerial. Many young ladies wore several tarlatan skirts one above the other, which always have a cool appearance. Nobody appeared to care for dancing, but the company talked in preference, and took ices, iced fruit-drinks, and sorbets of all descriptions. The favorite head-dresses were high, round wreaths, made either of roses of different colors, or of variegated pinks or pansies, etc. After white the color that predominated was the shade of green called *clair de lune*. Organdy muslin was a favorite material at this Turkish entertainment.

THE BRITISH LION DISARMED.

"The United States and England are united by too many bonds to make war possible; but for myself I am anxious to have *every* point in dispute amicably settled, and the two countries may then become one in policy, as they already are, I firmly believe, in sentiment and origin."—*Prince of Wales's Remarks to Mr. Bierstadt, the Artist.*

THE RUSH FOR THE COUNTRY.—DRAWN BY W. L. SHEPPARD.—[SEE PAGE 493.]

A WOMAN'S JUSTICE.

IN EIGHT CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER I.

"DRAW up the blind a little higher, Cecil," murmured the peevish, fretful, and complaining voice of Gerald Middleton. "There! now it's too high! Do you not see how the evening sun comes streaming in, enough to ruin stronger eyes than mine. I think that is better—no, it is not—there, let it alone! I'll do it myself." The invalid attempted to rise from the sofa, but his sister exclaimed, "You must not move, dear Gerald! have a little patience, and I will set it right."

"Patience?" he repeated, petulantly, "I think I have patience, I eat patience—drink patience—live on patience. You and that stupid nurse are just alike; you have two pairs of left hands between you, and do nothing right. Can't you let the blind alone? Now it is darkness visible! Ring the bell for South; but for South I should have been dead long ago. You and nurse Graves would have killed me! 'Graves!' It was a bit of refined cruelty in you, Cecil, to engage a woman with that suggestive name; you had better advertise for one of the name of Funeral—Nurse Funeral—a good joke, faith! only Funeral should precede and not follow Graves—eh, Cecil?"

There was no reply; his sister still persevering in her endeavor to arrange the blind, looking back at every moment to see if the sunshine was shielded from the invalid's worn and rugged face. At last South entered, with the peculiar noiseless step that shows familiarity with the sick room.

"Where have you been all the day, South?" demanded his master. (South was one of the Old World servants, who called Major Middleton "master," and not "governor" or "the major.")

"I gave you your draught, Sir, at five, as I promised Mrs. Graves I would when she went to see her son;" and South glanced at the clock on the chimney-piece, that told it was a quarter past six.

"And what is the matter with her son? Fever, or small-pox, or diphtheria, I suppose? One of the cursed things she will be sure to bring me. One word for all; listen to me, Cecil, that woman shall not return."

"If you please, Sir—" began South.

"Not one word! I have said it; no one with common-sense would permit a nurse to visit a sick son who is living in a back slum; but I am surrounded by fools—you need not color up, Cecil; do not let your temper break out in that way. I wonder you have not some little feeling—but you do not care how you agitate me. It was clear insanity to permit that woman to go to her son—in typhus fever; was it typhus or small-pox you said, South?"

The question induced South to make a bolt at the truth.

"Neither, Sir; he is going to be married to-morrow; him and his young woman live at Richmond, on the top of the hill; and as the old lady could not go to the wedding to-morrow, they both came to get her blessing, Sir; that was all."

"Pair of idiots!" exclaimed the major, more irritated by the explanation than by the response to his surmises. "I wonder you are not ashamed to repeat such trash, South; as if a blessing could attend such tomfoolery! Marry! and what have they to live on, what have they to starve on? Can't you answer?"

"He is head-gardener to Sir James Lacy, Sir—eighty pounds a year, and his cottage, and milk, and vegetables, and coal, and she is such a pretty girl."

"They have not been in this house?" Major Middleton's eyes—they were steel-blue, and flashed uncomfortably when he was irritated—gleamed.

"No, Sir! oh, not a step in it; they walked up and down outside until Mrs. Graves asked my mistress for half an hour's leave, and I saw her as she passed the pantry window."

If a look could have killed poor South, his days would have been numbered. The major looked at him with deep and deadly scorn.

"Saw who?" he snarled. "The nurse?"

"No, Sir; the pretty girl."

"South, you are an idle scoundrel!" exclaimed the Major, fast working himself into a state of irritability that was certain to end in a paroxysm of coughing, always dreaded by his patient sister. "I say you are an idle scoundrel," he repeated; "instead of attending to me, to spend your hours, at your time of life, watching a trapesing girl and talking to me—me! of marri—"

The enemy seized on and shook every fibre of his attenuated frame; Cecil pressed her hands on his brow, while South lifted him higher and still higher on the sofa; at last the paroxysm was over, and the poor, irritable sufferer struggled, first flushed, then became pale, and panted, until able to take some soothing medicine, which in a few minutes lulled him to sleep. His sister and his servant watched him without moving, until at length Miss Middleton sank noiselessly into a seat and pointed to the door. South crept stealthily out of the room, and after a time, when assured that her brother really slept, Miss Middleton drew a letter from her bosom and began unfolding it on her lap; but the paper was obstinate, and *would* give that inexplicable sound, which is more disturbing to an invalid than positive noise. Cecil ceased, and put the cherished letter into her pocket; then bent forward and clasped her hands on her lap.

Let us pause and look at her; you will hardly be content with a passing glance at Cecil Middleton. There is a fascination about her possessed but by few who are considered beautiful, if you observe the loving and up-looking meaning in her large dark eyes; the often tremulous motion of her well-formed lips, which, when they speak, call up more dimples than you can count; the oval of her firm yet womanly face, and the dignity of her brow, tempered at that moment by the sympathy she felt for a brother who had caused her much sorrow and done her much wrong! If you take in all this, as you may do in a couple of minutes, you will want to know her; and when you know her, be you man or woman, you *must* love her. I do not mean that, being a man, you must "fall," as it is vulgarly called, "in love" with her; but you would receive her into your heart as you would a thought new and pure, a holy inspiration; and you would be happy in her society, and seek to earn her good opinion, seeing that neither envy nor jealousy disturbed her; you would even make her your confidant and talk freely to her of the girl you hoped to marry, and she would do her best to confirm you in that love, and without any profession would counsel you as if she were your sister; and while she laughed and jested and danced with children they would look into her eyes and believe in her as if she were their own mother, and tell her all their troubles, which would vanish beneath the influence of her sympathy.

Her voice is low, and soft, and clear. Her head bent, as it now is, shows the beauty of her dark, waving hair, which is folded round the head and then coiled at the back into a soft knot, the ends falling in curls over the neck.

After a time she ceases to look at Major Middleton, and it seems as though her inquiring eyes were seeking to scan the future. Yet it seems plain enough; there are not six, no, not three months' life in her brother, whose sleep might now be called tranquil, but that every respiration is a sob wrestling against the disease that seeks to stifle life. When her brother no longer lives Cecil will be his heiress!

Major Middleton dying without children his sister becomes mistress of Middleton Lea and three thousand a year; were it not so, she would be compelled to live on the interest of her own four or five thousand pounds. But there is no danger of that. She has been the most tender and patient of sisters, though she knows that Gerald, if he desired to do so, has not the power to will away the property—it *must* be hers. All his life he has been tyrannical and exacting in the cruelest sense of the words; a selfish man, though a brave soldier; not extravagant; never generous, even to himself; it is needless, now, when he is dying, to say how his hard nature paralyzed, if it did not break, the heart of his widowed mother; and how he, who could have seen his sister a happy wife years ago, kept her back instead of helping her on to the attainment of the one desire of her full, pure heart.

As she sat recalling the past that had never dimmed or changed, and then casting pitying glances at the brother whom, though she did not love or trust, she served, South re-entered the room and stood close to the screen. He beckoned his mistress. South was an Irishman, and, though long residence in England and abroad had rendered his national accent almost imperceptible when he spoke quietly, his tone and a peculiar idiom often indicated his native land.

"I'll go in and sit by the master, miss, if you'll please to let me—there's one below wanting you."

"Wanting me, South? Surely you said I could not leave my brother?"

"Indeed, then, I did not, miss."

"South! After my orders!"

"Go and see, miss."

Cecil looked at the old servant, and at once knew who it was that "wanted her."

She moved forward; but, as if struck by sudden blindness, her hand groped for the wall.

"Oh, dear mistress, keep a good heart! I never saw him look better nor handsomer; the first look at him will strengthen you."

"God bless her!" he murmured to himself, as, having overcome her momentary weakness, she passed down the stairs, at first tremblingly, then swiftly. "God bless her! it's the world's wonder she is, if the world only knew it. Well, there's life-long happiness in store for her, that's a comfort; though I'll be sorry for the poor master, too, poisoned as he is with fair wickedness. Something unbeknown to us all must have turned his blood into gall long ever ago, or he could not torture *her* as he does! I shouldn't like, for one, to have the cleaning out of his heart after the life leaves it!" And he glided into the sick man's room.

CHAPTER II.

CECIL MIDDLETON and Ronald Chester had not met for several months; and letters are but cold expositors of feelings. It was some moments before either could speak; but the pressure of heart to heart, in the clasp of strong and intense love, was more eloquent than words. The disappointing past was forgotten: they felt but the ecstasy of reunion. Whatever trials they had undergone, that cruelest trial of all—mistrust—had never poisoned their affection, never even in dreams disturbed their faith each in the other. Let what would come their mutual love could not even end in this life, for they enjoyed the happiness of believing that a pure and earnest earth-love will be still more purified and perfected in eternity.

Ronald was the first to speak. He raised her face from his bosom, and gazed into the depths of her eyes as if he would read her very soul—and so he did.

"My own, my very own!" he said. "Incapable of change—so faithful and so true to a man of ruined fortunes—"

"But spotless name," she answered, proudly. "And oh, Ronald! life is too short to cherish, even for a moment, your plan of exile to create another fortune. Now, I am despotic; you shall not leave England; it will be a little—only a little longer. I shall be privileged to prove my love, as few women can, by giving you back, as it were, the fortune which no forethought of yours could have preserved."

"But, Cecil; a man to be obliged to a woman—!"

Cecil placed her hand on his lips.

"There is no man or woman in the case," she said; "it is simply love for love. Long ago, when you were rich, and I had nothing but a few paltry pounds, and there was reason to believe that poor Gerald, so handsome and distinguished as he was, a hero, a man of fashion and fortune, courted and followed by women whose adulation was sufficient to turn a stronger brain, would have married, and that other heirs would have claimed Middleton Lea; it was *then* you distinguished your Cecil from among women more rich, more beautiful, more accomplished. It was then you gave her your heart, it was then you offered her your hand—"

"And," interrupted Ronald Chester, "it was *then* that your brother's cruel selfishness interfered to prevent our union. You were necessary to his comfort, and *he* blighted our loves and lives. He treated me with insolence, because my father's wealth had been earned and our estate was not ancestral—*he* scoffed—"

"Peace, peace," murmured Cecil. "Time and his present state must tide over such memories. I shall soon be all your own, though not even the richness of that blessing can stifle the desire that he may be spared a little longer, and not pass into his Lord's presence with an unregenerate nature. I weary Heaven with prayers that his heart may soften. Oh! you don't know the terror of those awful night-watches. When he sends the nurse away and—but I must not stain with sorrow the few moments that are our own. We shall be so happy, Ronald, so happy!"

"My own! I am torn between my desire to be with you more than ever now, when the spring time—almost the summer—of our youth is past, and my aching want is to win back in another country what I have lost in this."

"Oh man, proud man!" interrupted Cecil, "who would put aside this commonwealth of love; who would live and compel me to live, in solitude, our hearts withered by hope deferred!"

"Cecil!" exclaimed her lover, "if you had but married me when we first told each other of our love."

"Let the past be past," she said. "Let us think, after the darkness is gone, of the sunshine that *must* be ours."

I would not, if I could, chronicle the murmured and spoken words that still more sanctified their meeting. The disbelief in long, abiding, and unselfish attachment is one of the bad signs of our time. There are many, well stricken in the conventionalities of love à la mode, who hold in worldly contempt, even if they do not quite discredit, the entire oneness in spirit and in truth which renders life to those who are devoted each to the other alike, amidst storm and sunshine, an unspeakable and absolute joy. Such love is utterly incapable of change, and preserves the richly-dowered hearts in all the greenery of youth, even when their brows are crowned by the snows of age.

Their happiness was broken in upon by South, who exclaimed, "The master, miss, wants you; the restless fit is on him worse than ever; he calls for you, miss, and the nurse. I think you must let me run for the doctor."

"The drops, South," said Cecil.

"He threw the bottle at me when I mentioned them—I never saw him so violent. If you will go up, miss, I will find the doctor."

"You must not leave Miss Middleton alone, South," said Mr. Chester. "Tell me the doctor's address. I will send him."

CHAPTER III.

AND so they parted. She to listen to reproach and abuse—every word she uttered in her patient tenderness but adding fuel to the flame, until another paroxysm of that fearful cough knelled through the room, and he sank upon his cushions helpless and speechless. After such outbreaks he was silent from exhaustion. At last, without raising his hand, he beckoned her to him with his long lean finger. She knelt by his side, bending to catch his words.

"Were you out?"

"No."

"Some one below, then?"

"Yes."

"Who?"

She had never told an untruth to him or to any one else in her life. Her cheek flushed and he saw it.

"Chester?" he cried, between his strong white teeth. "Chester! And he dares to come here! To take stock, I suppose. But by—"

And he swore an oath that made Cecil tremble.

"You shall have your rue with a difference; there is yet time—time to punish you both. Turn that lying hound, South, out of the room. Shut the door as you go, Sir; no creeping, shut it with a bang, Sir, like the sound of a cannon!"

Strengthened by his purpose he managed to raise himself.

"Give me some wine, give me some brandy, give me any thing for half an hour's strength. I told you to destroy all my papers, all unread, now festering within that desk; you have sworn to do it, and you are truth itself; you are the only Middleton on record who never lied. Wine, wine, Cecil!" She poured some into a tumbler. "Fill it, fill it!"

He snatched it from her trembling hand, gulped it down, and cast the glass from him. "Now, I will not spare you. You shall live, as I have lived, with the sword above your head; but it will be sharper, sharper to you than to me! Destroy not one of these papers. It is my last injunction. Not One! Search, search, search, and enjoy, you and that ledger-man, enjoy what you will discover! I'm glad, glad, I did not destroy what I—" The last sentence came thickly and faintly from his lips, he signed for more wine, and having drank it threw his long wasted limbs off the sofa. He seemed to desire to stand, and Cecil tried to help him. "Keep back!" he muttered, and a fearful change passed over his face, and he laughed hideously. "I should like to see you, and him, when the dread of the—what might be—turns you blue! You are not so bad, Cecil; but keep the secret, Cecil, until after your marriage, or you would lose your beggarly lover. You are a poor washed-out thing, Cecil, need regilding, gilding! Now, unless you want me to curse you where you stand, promise to read, to search out and read, every line, every line you find! Promise!"

"I do," she said.

"A treat, a treat, a treat to dash down the cup of happiness, when it is brimming full! What, doctor!" he continued, as the physician entered. "Oh, I am better. I have played off a joke, a joke, by Jove!" At that instant the bells of a neighboring church commenced their weekly evening practice.

"The bells of Middleton Lea!" he exclaimed, and his head fell forward. "The bells, the bells ringing for my coming of age!" They lifted him back on the sofa, he gasped out a few wandering words, and but few; his mind had strayed back to his childhood, and he spoke as if to his mother, lovingly as a child would, and asked her to kiss him.

Gerald Middleton fell asleep that night to wake no more in this world.

CHAPTER IV.

THE last ceremony was over. Major Middleton had left no will, encumbered his property with no gifts, no legacies, and Cecil Middleton was an undisputed heiress. Having locked herself into the library, she was seated with her brother's desk open before her; she had deferred opening it, day after day; she had gone through and arranged all other papers with her "man of business;" all was clear and straightforward. But an undefined dread took hold of her whenever she looked on that grim ebony desk, clasped and studded with iron. She had parted with Ronald Chester in the drawing-room: only until the evening, when he was to return and dine with her and her lawyer, who was an old family friend. She would get through those papers before dinner, there were not so many of them.

Poor Cecil! Often her cheek flushed and her hand trembled; there were delicate notes, which a man of honor would have destroyed; locks of hair of all tints; trinkets; some Indian, but more frequently French, miniatures; every thing she unrolled, and having examined cast into the fire. There were letters containing the most bitter reproaches, one evidently from a husband whose wife had abandoned him for the protection of Major Middleton; all the world had heard of that, and Cecil remembered when the fair frail woman had been her schoolmate and child friend. There were letters containing passionate protestations of love; on the back of one her brother had sketched the inamorata, in his ever active spirit of caricature.

His mother's letters and hers, received when he was abroad, were clasped together and placed in a separate drawer, quite away from the contamination of the other contents of his desk. She thanked him for that, and tears, large heavy tears, fell on the records of his mother's love. She had hoped that her task was ended, a few parti-colored embers were all that remained of what had once been warm and fresh and treasured. All gone except that last pure and precious packet. She murmured a few words of gratitude, and could not help wondering again and again, why at the last he had set her such a task, sufficiently painful without a doubt, and yet! was there any thing else? She tried, and retried every spring and projection, fearing there must be something more, and at last, at the back of a small drawer, she saw a tiny steel knob; she pressed it, a little door flew open; within was a roll of paper or papers, tied together with a bit of twine, and something—a flat packet—round which a newspaper had been crushed and twisted. Cecil unfolded it, and saw a large case covered with soiled white velvet. It was difficult to open, the fastening was stiff, the miniature (for such it was) was laid on its face, it had endured rough usage, the gold was battered as if it had been crushed on the ground by a heavy foot. When Cecil lifted it, the shattered glass that once had protected the delicate painting fell on the table; the picture was double, the likenesses of two persons, one evidently her brother, the other a dark woman, in young but imperial beauty; her right hand was clasped within his, her left hung lightly over his shoulder, and the thick ring of marriage and its brilliant keeper circling the third finger; the attitude of that hand seemed to say, "Look at this, I am a wedded wife."

Cecil was spell-bound; her gaze was fastened on the little brown left hand. Was that woman really her brother's wife? His "wife!" Cecil's head fell on her clasped hands, and but for her labored breathing one would have thought she had fainted. When she recovered self-possession she glanced furtively at the picture, blurred and blotted as it was. There were Gerald's full brow, his keen blue, uncompromising eyes, his implacable mouth, his fair hair. Something had been written on the glass. Cecil laid the broken pieces over the ivory; the writing had been scrawled across the woman's face; it was still legible—two cruel words were there—"Curse her!"

Sick at heart, Cecil undid the twine and outspread the roll. It contained a few letters of recent date, written in a woman's cramped hand, with a pen like a pin. Mechanically she read the first; it was expressed as though the writer had thought in a foreign language, and trans-

lated her thoughts into English. It commenced with my "Idol husband," and ended with your "Doating wife."

"Wife!" How was it possible? She scrutinized the date of that letter. He had been that year in Germany—at Spa she believed—and had remained there some time. He had written to his sister that he was there ill; but his London physician had laughed when she said so, and observed, "He thought the major was in the Highlands." She remembered that now.

Her brother married?

What a chaos the bare thought produced! What a revolution! Ronald! her Ronald *not* master of Middleton Lea! Gerald married!

A little longer search with trembling fingers. A marriage certificate! Marriage solemnized between Mabel Elizabeth Le Roy and Edward Gerald Middleton, in Scotland, the place near Dunkeld, the name of the clergyman, all clear enough, and a witness—Charles Dacre.

"Charles Dacre!" Her brother, Cecil knew, had had a groom or some servant of that name a long time ago; but past and present were so mingled in her bewildered brain that she lost all power of distinguishing one from the other. She clasped her hands over her eyes to shut out—what?

Ay, what, indeed!

Gradually she sank from her seat upon her knees; her hands still folded over her eyes; her lips moved by earnest prayer, silent yet eloquent, in entreaty to Him who hears our thoughts! Her appeal was not in vain. She had been well practiced in self-control, but she did not rely on self; she called humbly to HIM to help her, and help came.

Calmed and strengthened, she arose and commenced, first turning over and then steadily reading the letters. She read the certificate over again. There was no envelope or direction among the papers, nor had the writer once named him—he was always addressed as "My own darling," "My heart's idol," or with some such expression of endearment, even if reproaches as to absence or neglect followed the first line. At all events Charles Dacre had been present at the marriage.

Gerald had evidently parted from her in anger, and accused her of want of truth, of duplicity, of extravagance; told her how necessary it was that his marriage should be kept secret, it was so important to his prospects that it should not be known; and the vain, frivolous, stormy beauty had still the noble love to assure him that she would be torn in pieces by wild horses sooner than betray their secret until he gave her permission to do so.

Cecil felt herself shivering at her brother's falsehood; there was *no* reason connected with his prospects why his marriage should have been secret; and this beautiful woman, warmed into life and love by the temperature of a tropical sky, when quite a child (for she spoke of her sixteenth birthday), had become his wife and his victim. She read on. Under other circumstances she would have cast the letters aside as the ravings of an undisciplined, passion-full girl; but they possessed a fascination she could not withstand. She held the last in her hand; the writing was straggling and incoherent—it told of the birth of a child—his boy!

Why had he been angry? Had any one maligned her to him? her, his faithful, loving wife—"Little Brown Bess," as he had often called her, the mother of his child? Why should he write cruel words now? And the boy was so like him—such a beauty!

Cecil laid down the letter, which had been torn across. She was quite calm now.

If this were true, if her brother had left a son, all her prospects had been made into thin air and vanished. She was no longer an heiress; she no longer had the power of restoring her beloved to his position; her dream of life was over. This knowledge did not come to her in mist; it was first the cloud the size of a man's hand, increasing and increasing until it grew into a black wall between her and her husband's triumphs for evermore. Gerald's wife—Gerald's son—what had the poor thing done that he should have scarred her beautiful face with his curse? And the child—where was it? The facts were clear before her, but the details, the proofs (were there *proofs?*), were all confused. One dreary fact seemed to press on her heart and brain. Chester—Chester—to whom she had promised wealth and happiness! Sob after sob burst from her heaving breast, until her agony sought relief in words, and she repeated again and again, "Oh, my love! my love! my love!"

She gradually replaced the papers in their concealment, locked the desk, and crept stealthily into the hall. Some undefined suggestion took possession of her mind that she had no right to be there.

She met South, who at once saw that some fresh sorrow had stricken his lady. Instead of passing on, Cecil paused, and said:

"South, do you remember my brother having a groom—pad-groom, I think—of the name of Dacre?"

The expression of South's genial, good-natured face changed at once.

"Oh, the blackguard!" he exclaimed; and in the same moment added, "I'm sure I beg your pardon, Miss Cecil; I should not have said that, though it was the truth that sprang out of me. I never could abide him. The master thought I was jealous of him, which the Heavens knows I was not—neither jealous of him nor what he got—hush-money for many a turn of the poor master's, who was always wild, as no one knows better than yourself, Miss Middleton; only in course a sister's the last to know the turns of her brother's wildness, barring a wife—"

"Do you know where Dacre is?"

"No, Miss, I can't say I do, though I have a guess. I believe the master gave him a power of money to go to America after they came home last time, and master in such a terrible temper from—well, he called it Germany—and Dacre went; but the ship foundered at sea, and all perished."

"Of course my brother, Major Middleton, knew that?"

"Yes, Miss; I told him when I saw it in the paper."

"What did he say?"

"'Ring the bells, South'—never a word more."

Sick and broken-hearted, Cecil entered her own room. On the table was a bouquet of her favorite flowers that Chester had placed in the hand he so warmly kissed that morning.

She drew his miniature from her bosom, and, falling on her knees, pressed it between her clasped hands, murmuring:

"Help—oh help me, my Heavenly Father! Look with pity and mercy on me, while you strengthen me to perform my duty! Father, make me strong for justice!" And then, opening her hands and gazing through the mist of tears on the beloved face which for years had been her heart-companion, her comforter, her joy, she kissed it tenderly, murmuring: "My love! my love! my love!"

"Oh, my love! my love!"

She could not think of or count the time; but at last she heard the bell of her little clock chime six. In another hour she must meet Ronald Chester and her lawyer. The evening was closing in, and she was seated in the drawing-room, when they entered.

Ronald's footsteps, so light and buoyant, struck on her heart. She arose to meet him, but she could not advance, and was glad of an excuse to withdraw her hand from his affectionate clasp and give it to Mr. Cathcart. The strong sympathy which existed between Cecil and her betrothed made him feel, rather than see, that she had sustained a severe shock. The pressure of a beloved hand is more eloquent than words.

"What is it, Cecil? You are not well?" he whispered, tenderly, as he sought to penetrate the twilight and read her looks.

"By-and-by I will tell you," she murmured—"after dinner. I am so glad Mr. Cathcart is here."

Mr. Cathcart was a thorough man of the world, and well knew the best way of dispersing a difficulty. He saw that something was wrong, but asked no questions, and talked incessantly. Cecil could not meet Ronald's eyes. He had left her so full of joyous life in the morning; they had walked up and down the drawing-room planning the happy future, upon which no cloud rested; and now she could hardly frame a sentence!

She rose as soon as dinner was ended, and said, "I will wait for you in the library."

Ronald opened the door, and followed her into the hall.

"My own Cecil, what is it?" he whispered, tenderly.

"There are some papers you and Mr. Cathcart must see to immediately."

Lovingly he took her sweet face between his hands, and saw that her eyes were brimming over with tears.

"My darling, what is it?"

"A little patience, Ronald. I will be ready for you in half an hour."

He circled her with his arm and supported her into the library. The lamp was lighted, and cast a strong light on the ebony writing-desk, which looked hideously black and stern. Ronald would have persuaded her to leave all business until the next day, she looked so unwell, but she would not. "Leave me," she said, "for half an hour, and then—both of you come to me!"

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

A MATCH GAME—Matrimony.

One very busy day Johnny was sent to school to be put out of the way. At night he came home, and jumped astride of his mother's lap.

"Ma, what did you do to-day without no pud-muddle and Johnny to wade in it?"

"I missed you," his mother said.

"Ha! you'll find out how much worth I am in this house."

"Ducks" are expensive. A lady recently bought three—a "duck" of a dress, a "duck" of a bonnet, and a "duck" of a parasol. The combined cost was $226.

A bachelor sea-captain, who was remarking one day that he wanted a good chief-officer, was promptly informed by a young lady present that she had no objections to be his first-mate. He took the hint—and the lady.

A father, living near Cincinnati, was one evening teaching his little boy to recite his Sunday-school lesson. It was from the fourteenth chapter of Matthew, wherein is related the parable of a malicious individual who went about sowing tares.

"What is a tare?" asked the anxious parent. "Tell me, my son, what a tare is?"

"You had 'em."

"Johnny, what do you mean?" asked the astonished parent, opening his eyes rather wide.

"Last week, when you didn't come home for three days," said Johnny, "I heard mother tell aunt Susan that you were on a tare."

The Sunday-school lesson was brought to an abrupt close, and Johnny was sent off to bed.

Some young ladies feeling aggravated by the severity with which their friends speculated on their gay plumes, necklaces, rings, etc., went to their pastor to learn his opinion.

"Do you think," said they, "there is any impropriety in wearing these things?"

"By no means," was the prompt reply; "when the heart is full of vain and ridiculous notions, it is well enough to hang out the sign."

A new church was being built in the vicinity where little Milton H—— lived. The work went on very slowly; and sometimes stopped for days. At last Milton's patience was exhausted. "I do wish," he said, "they would *finish* that church." "Ah!" said his grandmother, "don't be in too big a hurry. The world wasn't made in *one* day." "I know it *wasn't*," Milton replied; "but when the Lord *commenced* to make it he never *stopped* until he finished it."

A LITTLE DEAR.

She spread the goods before him
With half-averted eyes,
The quality and value
Extolling to the skies.

That voice—oh, how bewitching!
Those hands—how soft and white!
Those eyes—how fascinating!
That face—how fair a sight!

"The goods are very pretty,
No doubt what they appear;
But then, I think," he added,
"You are a little dear."

With cheeks suffused with blushes,
She turned her head away,
And innocently answered—
"That's what the fellows say."

A reverend gentleman horrified a small company a few evenings since by telling them that he and his wife had separated.

"Not parted?" inquiringly exclaimed three or four.

"Yes," said the old gentleman, with a sigh, "we had some words and parted."

A shudder went round the room, when some one inquired:

"For good?"

"Oh no," said the divine, "she has only gone to Philadelph'a, and will be back in a day or two."

PICKLED SALMON—Chase.

PLEASURES OF TRAVEL(?).

1. The $1 Line to Boston. No Meals.

2. No Standing Room.

3. No Sleeping Room.

4. No Berths.

5. No Comfort.

6. No Money.

FASHIONABLE CALL, AND ALL THEY SAID.

"How do you do, my dear?"
"Putty well, thank you." [They kiss.]
"How have you been this age?"
"Putty well. How have you been?"
"Very well, thank you."
"Pleasant to-day."
"Yes, very bright—but we had a shower yesterday."
"Are all your people well?"
"Quite well, thank you; how are yours?"
"Very well, I'm obliged to you."
"Have you seen Mary B—— lately?"
"No, but I've seen Susan C——."
"You don't say so! Is she well?"
"Very well, I believe." [Rising.]
"Must you go?"
"Yes, indeed, I have seven calls to make."
"Do call again soon."
"Thank you—but you don't call on me once in an age."
"Oh, you should not say so; I'm sure I'm very good."
"Good-by!"

A Detroit man thought he did a shrewd thing when he put all his property in his wife's name. But he is of a different opinion since his wife died, leaving a will which makes him penniless unless he marries his servant girl.

"I say, Jim, what mechanical work did you do first?" asked one darkey of another. "Why, cut teeth ob course," replied the other instantly.

CRICKET MATCH BETWEEN THE ST. GEORGE'S AND KNICKERBOCKER CLUBS.—[Sketched by Theodore R. Davis.]

THE CRICKETERS.

The field-sportsmen are in the field in great numbers this year, and thus far several interesting base-ball and cricket matches have taken place. We illustrate on this page the game of cricket played on July 15 and 16 by the St. George's Club, of this city, and a deputation of the Philadelphia clubs, against the Knickerbockers, of Montreal, composed of officers of the military garrison of Montreal—a fine set of men, physically and otherwise.

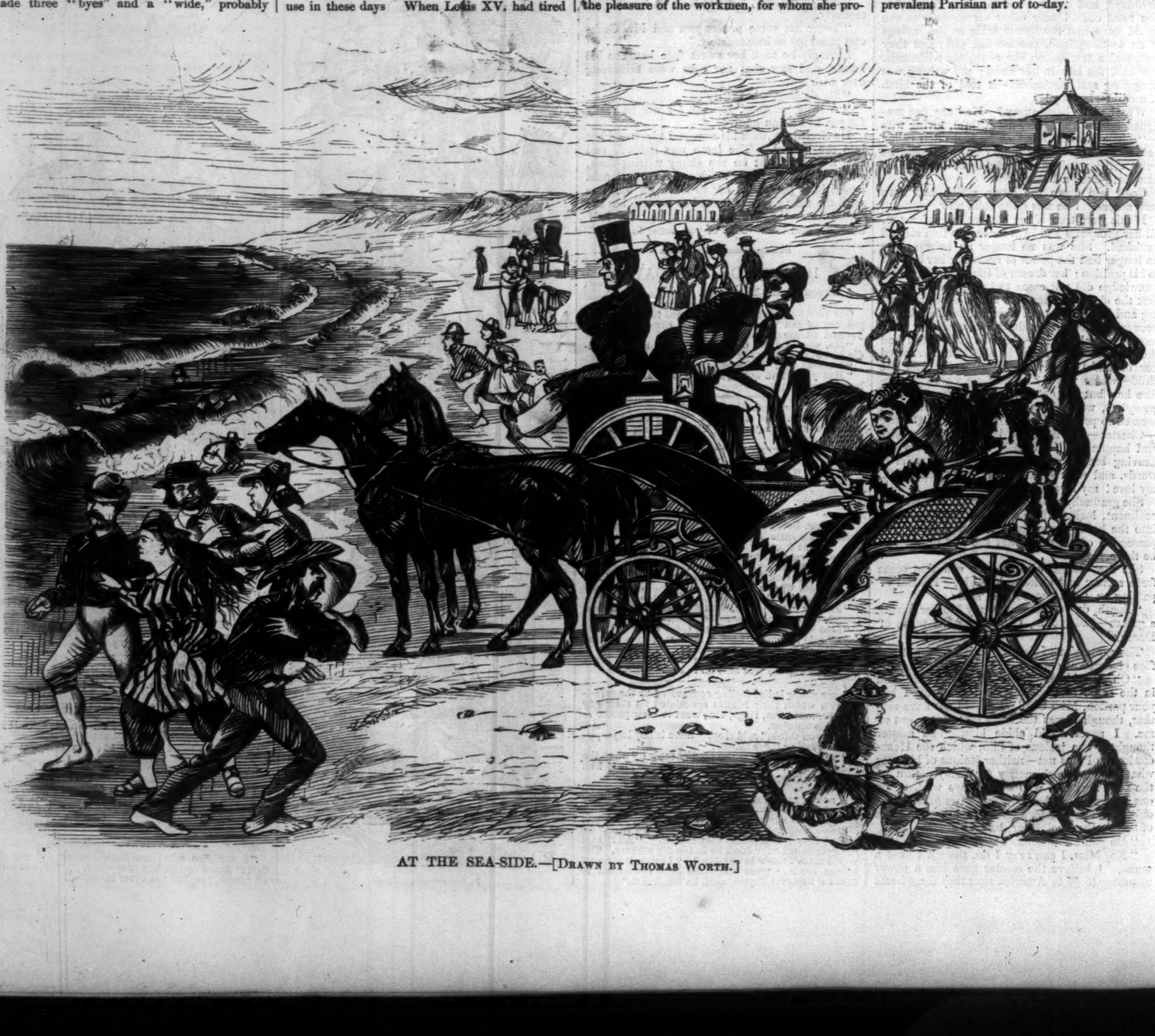
The game was begun on July 15, and the St. George's men and their Philadelphia associates made 160 runs on the first inning. The Canadians did not have such good fortune, and were bowled out after having made but 72 points. By the rules of the game the Canadians retained the bat—at which, by-the-way, they greatly excel—for the second inning, and made 91 points. This placed them only three ahead of the total of the St. George's on their first inning; after the latter had taken the bat the bowler of the Canadians made three "byes" and a "wide," probably intentionally, thus giving the game to the St. George's Club.

The cricketers of the country are making arrangements for a vigorous season, and the game is growing in favor daily. Among the anticipated sensations is the arrival here of the All-England Eleven—an event in cricketing circles which the St. George's Club has been active in endeavoring to secure. It is hoped that this Club will be induced to come here as the guests of the St. George's in September or October next, and, if so, they will probably make a tour of the principal Eastern cities and visit Canada.

THE SEVRES PORCELAIN WORKS.

Her biographers have not generally given Madame de Pompadour, the famous favorite of Louis XV., the credit due her for her inventive genius. She was not only a patron of literature and art, but an inventor, and had something of the merchant in her mental organization. It was she who invented the "dumb-waiters" in such general use in these days When Louis XV. had tired of the plays which she got up for his enjoyment Madame Pompadour invented the famous *petits soupés* of Choissy, where, in a dainty room hung round with the canvases of Boucher, Greuze, Watteau, Vanloo, the king supped with a dozen chosen guests in luxurious privacy. No servant entered the room, even to bring in the viands. A note was laid on a console in a corner of the room; a bell was sounded, silently the table descended, and as silently returned bearing on it, as was ordered, the rarest dishes, fruits, wines, in vessels of plate, or glass, or Sèvres. We are accustomed to these "lifts," as we call them—vulgarizing the name as well as the thing—but when the Pompadour invented them they were regarded as a stroke of genius, and their execution a triumph of Loriot's art.

The most remarkable of her artistic plans was the foundation of the famous porcelain works at Sèvres. Sèvres was almost entirely her creation. For the factory she set apart a palace, provided with beautiful gardens, fountains, canals, and whatever could add to the charm of the place or the pleasure of the workmen, for whom she procured various immunities and privileges, including the much-prized liberty of hunting in the forest as well as the petite chasse. The manufacture itself she watched over with the greatest interest, frequently visiting the works, suggesting new objects and new designs, sometimes furnishing designs herself, or making alterations in those laid before her, or proposing new combinations of color. Choice works were executed at her desire, and painted by eminent artists, in order to present to the king or some favorite prince or minister, or to adorn her own apartments. To purchase costly articles from the Sèvres works was a successful mode of winning her favor, and she soon had the happiness to find the taste for Sèvres, especially her own favorite *pâte tendre*, become a rage. The true old Sèvres is perhaps as good an illustration of her artistic taste as can be found. Elegant, brilliant, luxurious, you have in it the genuine Art Pompadour, as it was designated by French critics, the art that has colored every subsequent species of French design, and, with some little difference of style, is the prevalent Parisian art of to-day.



AT THE SEA-SIDE.—[Drawn by Thomas Worth.]

RECEIVING SUN-STRUCK INVALIDS AT BELLEVUE HOSPITAL, NEW YORK.

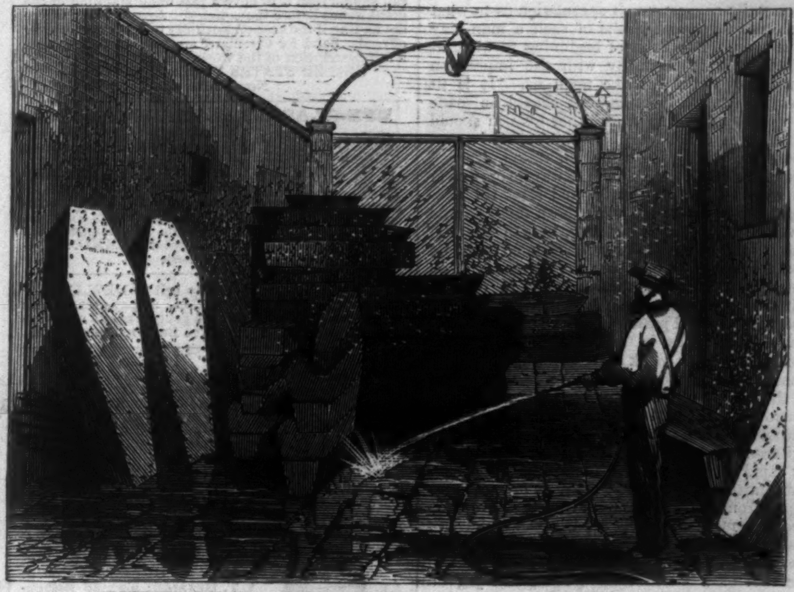
RECEIVING DEAD BODIES AT THE MORGUE, NEW YORK.

THE TORRID TERM.

THERE were 246 deaths from the immediate effects of the heat during the "torrid term" of this year—from July 12 to July 18, inclusive—six days. That is at the rate of four for every hour of sunshine—forty-one a day—one every thirty minutes! But even these returns do not include the deaths in the public institutions, such as the hospitals, nurseries, and alms-houses, unreported to the coroner. The heat of mid-summer, and the mortality resulting from it this year, have exceeded that of any year since 1824.

The result of the "torrid term" has been to drive every body to the country or the Morgue. The rush to the country has been unusually great, and the city has been, as it were, depopulated. And yet daily the rush seems as great as ever. Trains and steamers leave the city crowded to excess with men and women and children of all conditions of life, all eager to fly from the heated city. Our illustration on page 489 is not in the least exaggerated. Our artist has sketched an actual scene, to be daily witnessed at any of the metropolitan railway dépôts.

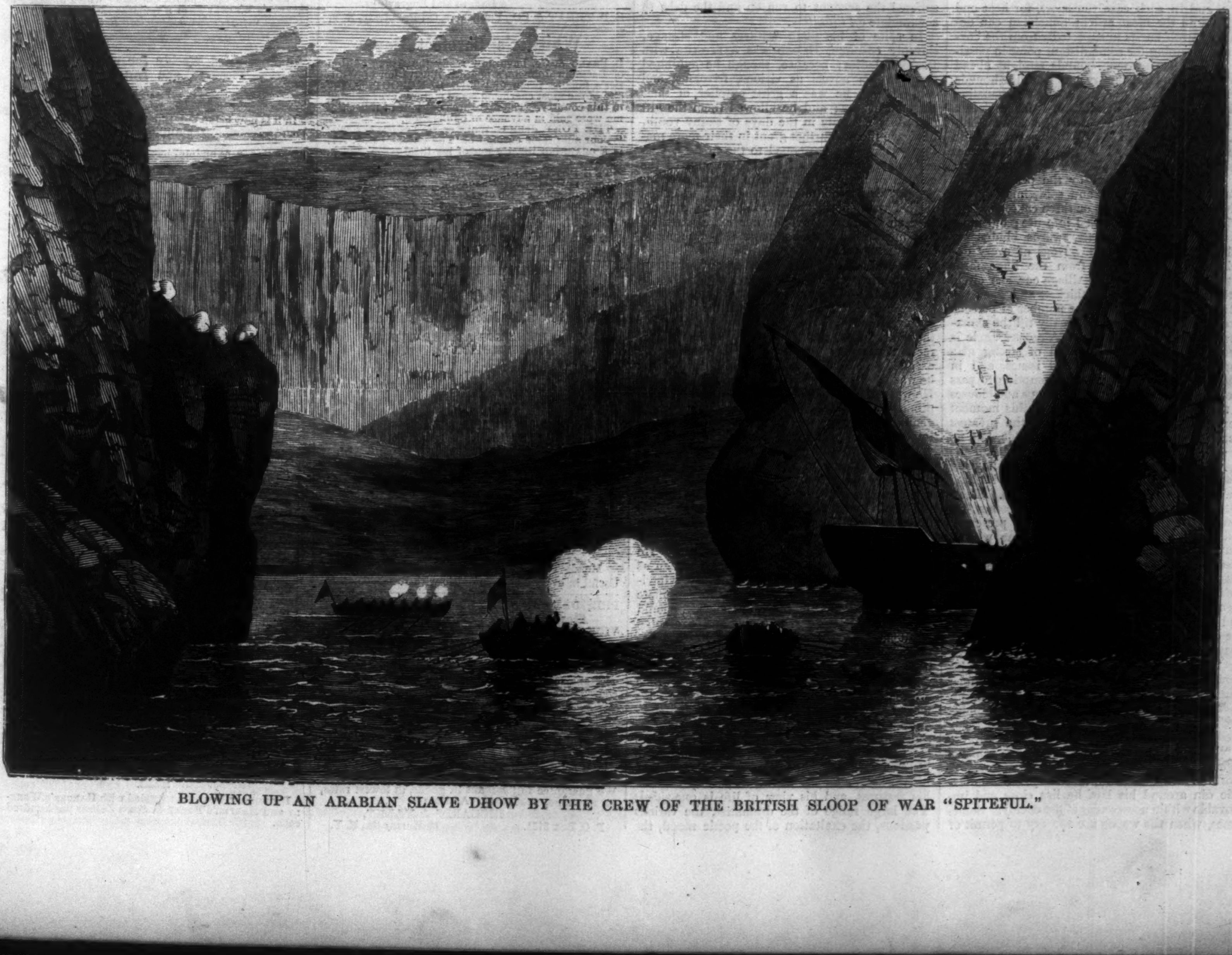
Another artist has painted, on this page, the other side of the picture. He has given us there the story of those who could not flee—except by way of the Morgue. During the "heated term" named, the New York Morgue, at the foot of Twenty-sixth Street, and the various hospitals, have been crowded to painful excess. Our illustrations of Bellevue Hospital and the Morgue are actual reproductions of what our artist saw on visiting those places during the heated term. The scene representing the arrival of sun-struck patients at Bellevue Hospital was of painful recurrence, while at the Morgue it was not uncommon to see two or more bodies simultaneously arriving, while the room, or rather shed, generally devoted to the reception of bodies upon which inquests are to be held by the Coroner, was so overcrowded that large numbers of coffined bodies had to be deposited temporarily in the yard in front of the Morgue, where "Dead John," the keeper, or one of his assistants, was kept constantly employed in endeavoring, with hose and water, to keep them cool. "The signs of decomposition are very early discernible, and after a short time the coffins emit not alone disagreeable odors, but that fog peculiar to putrescent humanity, and a dozen such coffins present the appearance of a lime-kiln in full blast." The Morgue is one of the necessary disgraces of the city, and while the Commissioners of Public Charities and Correction are to be commended for the establishment of the institution, they are to be seriously and emphatically condemned for the manner in which it is conducted. This horror of the city is made unnecessarily horrible by the rudeness and carelessness of the employés, the filth and dirt at all times observable, and the absence of any means, such as vaults, etc., to preserve the dead in decency. The Morgue is an institution which needs constant inspection.



COFFINED BODIES AT THE MORGUE WAITING FOR THE CORONER.

THE ARABIAN SLAVE-TRADERS.

THE pursuit of the Arabian slavers who infest the Gulf of Arabia has of late been attended with considerable success, and it is reasonable to hope that the traffic may eventually be suppressed. The British sloop of war *Spiteful* has lately finished a successful cruise and returned to England. During the last month of her stay in the



BLOWING UP AN ARABIAN SLAVE DHOW BY THE CREW OF THE BRITISH SLOOP OF WAR "SPITEFUL."

Arabian Gulf she captured and destroyed six vessels employed in the slave-trade, and rescued two hundred men, women, and children from slavery. One of her officers has furnished an illustration, which we give, of one of the most exciting of her chases. It represents the blowing up of a very large and heavily-armed slave dhow, which, on perceiving the *Spiteful*, had immediately run in for the shore. On arriving at the place she was found to be secured in a narrow creek, between lofty cliffs, of which the numerous fighting men of the dhow had taken possession, while the remainder of her crew were seen hurrying the slaves away to the mountains. The pinnace and cutters of the *Spiteful*, manned and armed, were sent away at once to destroy the slaver, which they did by blowing her up, under a heavy fire from the desperadoes on the cliff, who held their position very pluckily in spite of a rapid and accurate fire from the ship and boats. Some few slaves were found hidden in the dhow, from whom it was ascertained that above 350 slaves had been landed from the vessel. On the destruction of the dhow her crew fled into the interior. The prize-crew of another dhow, taken a few days before by the pinnace, were attacked by her former crew, and another mountain Arab tribe, who kept up a heavy fire of musketry on her from the shore, but happily without much effect. The pinnace had to blow up the prize, as the fire was too heavy to tow her out of the creek where she was anchored. Two of the slavers destroyed were armed with 6-pounder carronades, for which they had a good stock of ammunition.

WOLF-HUNTING IN FRANCE.

An undergraduate of Dublin, being called on to enumerate the most regretable events in Irish history, commenced his list with that of the extermination of the last wolf in 1710. No brute in Europe is better adapted than the wolf for being run to death, and none affords the huntsman a better apology for hunting. A bear hunt is most frequently a duel or an assassination. The stag, the roe-buck, and even the wild boar, are inoffensive when unmolested; the fox and the badger are too small to be personally dangerous, but the wolf is at once a foe to be respected for his teeth, a brigand accountable for a life of rapine, and a test of strength and mettle for the fleetest dogs. By the term dogs must, however, be understood the ordinary pack, for the greyhound is often able to attain the wolf on sight, and in such case he invariably mars the sport. In the Aube a couple or two of greyhounds usually accompany the meute both in boar and wolf hunting; the consequence is that most frequently, when the game takes the open country, the greyhounds follow the wolf on sight, and either seize it at once, or so impede its pace as to enable the pack to arrive and finish the hunt abruptly. In some cases the chances of an exciting run are further diminished by the admission of rifles, and it too often happens that a solitary wolf, the sole hope of the meet, is shot dead in the cover before the dogs give tongue, leaving the huntsman to disperse for lack of game, or to go in for foxes. Still, occasionally, in spite of guns and greyhounds, a fair run takes place, and in such case the sport, for heat and spirit, is all the most ardent huntsman can desire; the wolf bursts unexpectedly from the cover, and straining for some distant point in possibly another department, bounds straight ahead through all kinds of country, and leads the hounds a chase which often ends in their exhaustion and discomfiture. But the wolf is far less often the object of a royal hunt than of a popular battue. His destruction is sought by persons whose sole aim is to destroy him, and the means least likely to fail are those adopted for the purpose; his retreat is surrounded by the peasants and villagers of the locality, and sometimes by the united populations of two or three cantons. All sorts of weapons are called into use; old muskets, horse-pistols, bayonets, swords, bludgeons, and above all, pitchforks. Dogs of every description join the hunt, from the huge farm watch-dog to the common village cur. A circle is then formed round the thicket, and when the nature of the ground and the number of persons permit, the ring tightens gradually till the assistants are able to join hands. A second circle is then formed outside, composed of strong nets suspended across the runs and issues, and in order to scare the wolf from attempting to pass elsewhere, the men hang up their caps and blouses in the intervening spaces. Up to this moment every thing is accomplished with the greatest precaution and the least noise possible, but no sooner are the arrangements complete than the dogs are let loose, and the men begin shouting and hallooing and thrashing the foliage with long sticks. Presently the dogs grow furious. Their instinctive aversion for the wolf becomes redoubled by the consciousness of his presence, and when excited from time to time with a heavy scent, they howl and gnash with a sort of frenzy. This excitement of the dogs soon gains the men, who, from mere noise and clamor, proceed gradually to yells and imprecations. They then set to, regularly abusing the wolf in terms, and the less disposed he shows himself to quit the cover, the more vehement are the invectives heaped upon him. The prevailing atmosphere is, "Bouge là, affreuse bête qui manges les moutons;" but many others, given in patois, require rendering to be understood, such, for instance, as the following: "Show up and fight, you great bony cadger." "Come out and pay the dogs, you mangy thief." "Fire his tail, the carrion howler." The wolf meanwhile remains insensible to the abuse of his persecutors. A mortal fear detains him, and in spite of the terrific din around his lair, he lies close and immovable within a few yards of the enemy. Sometimes, when the woods are too dry to permit of the use of fire, it becomes necessary to probe the thicket with sticks and pitchforks; but in times of moisture, the men make powder-paste balls and throw them lighted into the wolf's retreat. This method, if well employed, soon dislodges him. The intent posture of the dogs prepares the spectators for a sudden bolt, and the next instant the wolf dashes through the ring, and becoming entangled in the nets, the scene closes in confusion, amidst stifled groans and hard breathing. The conduct of the dogs is peculiar; the small ones howl strangely, hiding their tails and trembling with convulsions. The large ones appear transported with a kind of rabid ecstasy, their jaws grind and chop, their eyes become wild and bloodshot, and their hair bristles on all their limbs. When once, however, the dogs have fairly killed the wolf they refuse to touch his dead body. Not so the men; these thump and fork the carcass until the skin becomes utterly worthless for the furrier, and nothing remains in the way of profit but the small premium claimable at the Mairie. A cord is then attached to the poor animal's hind legs, by which he is trailed home in triumph, and the money received from the mayor, augmented by donations solicited from door to door, is spent in drunken revelry over his mutilated remains.

BALZAC AT HOME.

Balzac's own works, original and exceptional in their introspective power, lead the reader into close mental relations with the writer, and necessarily suggest much speculation as to what the outer ways and habits of such a man may have been. His habit of beginning to work at midnight is in harmony with the impression which his writings make upon us. It is fit that his terrible investigations should be made in silence and secrecy, and that his pen should move to its dread office like the knife of a surgeon who deals with forbidden things dragged out of the tomb. This was the way he operated: he went to bed very early, and slept till midnight, when he rose to write down those painful revelations of human suffering, human iniquity, and human folly which have fascinated mankind because they have laid bare the mysteries of an inner world hitherto known only in obscure glimpses, and exactly analyzed fitting thought and unrecognized passion. Balzac would sometimes be so far lost in the contemplations which accompanied his work that he would discover himself, with a shock of surprise, at early dawn in the woods of Versailles or on the Place du Carrousel in his dressing-gown and slippers, without his hat; having wandered out in the agitation of composition, churning his thoughts by rapid movement. An unexpected highwayman darting out of the woods, or a lunatic escaped from the asylum, would hardly have startled him more than this apparition of himself; and first he would pause to wonder at his own position, and then he would hastily climb on to the roof of a Versailles omnibus, and jog on steadily for a while, and forget to pay; a forgetfulness which was not wholly unaccountable, for he rarely had a penny in his pocket. This proceeding excited no astonishment; for all the drivers knew him and humored him, and they suffered the account to run on and the debt to accumulate *ad infinitum*.

In spite of his plain features and strange, slovenly costume, Balzac was a favorite with Parisian ladies; because, though he exhibited them in his novels as vicious, frivolous, and cold-hearted, he was a great extoller of their personal beauty; and he allowed them the gift of beauty not only in the days of sunny youth, but gave them a further grant in their more mature years. He postponed to the furthest possible date the death of loveliness; and so the coquettish matron, full of days, poring over his pages, saw her hours of enchantment prolonged further than she had ventured to hope, and beheld an empire created for her more extended and more solid than her most sanguine mood had ever dared to shape.

Whatever their follies, however, and whatever their misdemeanors, Balzac had a great relish for their admiration, and a pretty woman's smile was worth all the laudation of all the critics in his eyes—his eyes in that case governing his thoughts. But, though his success in that direction was very dear to him—though he was extolled on all sides—and though, as a novelist, he was the fashion—he had a personal grievance. He was not a dramatist; and he saw in the large proportions of his contemporary Victor Hugo's genius, in the comprehensiveness of his grasp, in the fullness of his imagination, in the vigor and vastness of his conceptions, a power of such magnitude as seemed to reduce his own to a contracted span. Hugo was a novelist, a poet, and a successful dramatist; and every play that he produced caused a strange fermentation and irritation in the mind of his rival. Balzac, on each of these occasions, wondered and wondered, and struggled vainly after plots and situations. He was perplexed; how was it that such a man as himself, who could see so deeply into the intricacies of human passion—into the most remote and winding ways of the human heart, should fail when he tried to write a play? He resented his deficiency, and could not find its explanation; yet, to any one who has read his novels, it is evident that their peculiar force depends upon qualities essentially opposed to those which are required for the construction of a drama. He makes his impressions by careful detail and elaborate description. His characters explain themselves by the help of minute circumstance. His story unfolds itself gradually, and in his satire his own presence is always felt. Every one of his works is stamped with the special image of his features, and his view of life is one-sided. The large range of the dramatist, the various passions, the exaltation of the poetic mood, the concentration of plot, the construction of situations which at once reveal a character or unravel a tissue of events—all these things, which constitute the power of a play-writer, were wholly alien from the mind of Balzac. But he would not believe that any gift could be denied to him, and while the loud applause of Hugo's audiences rang in his ear he resolved that he too would be the author of a drama. And, so resolved, he foresaw, according to his wont, a mine of inexhaustible wealth as the necessary result of his determination.

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